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Poetry.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—*Longfellow.*

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEVOUSLY TORMENTED BY THAT DISORDER.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes;
Our neighbors' sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadful raw,
Thou, Toothache, surely, bear'st the bell,
Amang them a'.

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeal,
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;—
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Toothache!

—*Burns.*

"REMEMBER."

BY ALFRED DE MUSSET.

Remember, when the frold Dawn uncloses
Her magic palaces to the sun's bright beams,
Remember, when the pensive night reposes
Beneath her silvery veil in tender dreams,
When pleasures call thee, when thy heart is light,
When a sweet fancies shade invites at night,
List, through the deep woods ring
Sweet voices, murmuring
Remember!

Remember, when Fate's cruel hand has broken
For aye the tie that bound my life with thine;
Weary, with hope years and exile, grief unspoken,
Despairing heart and blasted hopes are mine,
Think of my love, think of my last adieu,
Absence and time are naught when love is true.
Long as my heart shall beat,
Ever it shall repeat,
Remember!

Remember, when beneath the cold ground lying
My broken heart forever is at rest,
Remember, when some lovely flower is trying
Its petals soft to open on my breast,
Thou will not see me; but my spirit, fair thee,
Faithful in death, shall still return to thee.
Then hark to the sad moans
Of a deep voice that groans,
Remember!

Travel.

NASBY IN EXILE.

SECOND SERIES.

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The Fight with the Church—Something About the Monks—A Scene at an American Bar—The Jews—The Story of a Marriage that Did Not Take Place.

XLVIII.

THE HEAD OF CHRISTENDOM.

But as the center of the great Catholic Church, as the very heart of one of the great religions of the world, as the spot where the religion of Christ was first established in any power, and where its capital has remained for nineteen centuries, it possesses the most interest. The devout Catholic comes to Rome as the Mohatamedan does to Mecca. The Protestant cannot but have interest in the City in which St. Paul preached and was put to death and the infidel who does not believe in anything, always finds instruction in seeing in actual form what to him are the mummeries that have, in his view, deceived a world. Religious Rome attracts quite as many visitors as old Rome and much more than new Rome.

Rome has, exactly, 380 churches, to say nothing of a number that are only half churches and are not counted, which is a great deal of church. They are of all grades, from the lordly St. Peter's—which is to the other churches of the world as the whale is to the minnow—down to the humble chapel on a side street. The most of them were built since the conversion of Rome from paganism, especially for Christian churches, but very many were pogan temples converted into churches, when the people destroyed their old gods and embraced Christianity. Every one of them has a history, they all have their stock and store of legends, and a tithe of them would take volumes. It is the very heart and center of Catholic Christendom, and their churches are as full of miracles as an egg is of meat.

With so many churches there is a corresponding plentitude of priests. Priests are everywhere. You cannot walk a step without meeting them, either the gray-headed, sandaled man who is about ready to lay off his dirty gown and get out of his filthy sandals, to the young neophyte who is just commencing his service. You see everywhere long processions of young men all dressed alike in robes, with queer hats and still queerer faces, walking solemnly two by two, one priest always in the lead and another bringing up the rear. These are students in the various ecclesiastical schools being fitted for the office they are to fill in due course of time. They are of all races and all peoples. There is the unmistakable Irishman with his pugnacious face, the lithe and undersized Frenchman, the burly Englishman, the meek-eyed Chinaman, and the Negro as black as a coal, all walking two by two as the animals entered the ark.

They stay here till they graduate and are ordained to their work, and then they go wheresoever the Church has most use for them. The Chinaman will labor in the Flowery Land, the Negro will do his work in the cotton fields and rice swamps of the Southern States of America, or in the jungles of Africa, the Englishman goes to his country, and the Frenchman to his. Every nation is represented, for the Church of Rome claims supremacy over the whole world, and is laboring with a zeal that knows no limit, and a power which the world does not consider, to establish itself wherever the sun shines and the rain falls.

You see these companies, not only of young men but boys, each class clad distinctively, but all with an unmistakable clerical mark which determines their final vocation. The Propaganda have scores of schools in Rome for the fitting of young men for the clerical office, and the students are so imbued with the spirit of the schools that martyrdom in the service of the church is looked upon by them as a thing to be desired. Whether the Church, as it is constituted, is a power for good or evil is much disputed, but that it is a power, even now, there can be no question.

DIRT AND HOLINESS.

To a stranger not accustomed to so much ecclesiastic on the streets, the proportion of religionists who are phenomenally filthy in their persons, excites wonder. There are no more splendid men anywhere than those seen in the services at the principal churches, but the great majority of the monks and friars, members of the various orders, are, as in Venice, Florence and Bologna, in fact in all the Cities of Italy, the most abominable appearing men that walk the face of the globe. It is a pity that the church, a part of which they are, does not compel them to some regard for the common decencies of civilized life. They are not only dirty in person, but it is that peculiar greasy kind of dirt that is especially offensive. Their gowns are greasy, their faces shine unwholesomely. There is a foot, black with grime in a filthy sandal, and the entire man puts up an appearance that is about as repulsive as anything that has life in it can be.

It is not so in France or Germany, and why it should be so in Italy is one of the mysteries that are unsolvable.

However we are informed that we shall see much worse specimens in Naples. How it can be worse it is difficult to understand.

Time was when a monk had some excuse for coarse clothing, bare feeet and a general slouchiness in person, for time was when they were poor and the decencies of life were hardily attainable. But all that is past. The Church of Rome has a revenue of anything it chooses to ask for. The monk lacks neither food, wine or oil, and there is no reason why they should be, with a few exceptions, the most repulsive beings in appearance, that walk the streets of the Imperial City. There is no reason for a man with a double chin that hangs down with fatness, a man with an abdomen every wrinkle in which testifies to most excellent living, waddling along the sidewalks and professing poverty or any especial humility. There is no reason under earth for their wearing sandals, and if they do wear sandals there is no reason why they should not occasionally wash their feet, especially as they have an apostolic example therefor.

Nor is there any reason why they should not at rare intervals wash their necks, and conform somewhat to the laws of decency, comfort and good health. But they don't. Certain orders of monks prowl through Rome like ghosts, who have the dirt and dust of the tomb hanging to them, cowled, corded and berobed, but with a smell that makes one, after a trille of experience, take the other side of the street from them.

How many of them there are in Rome is not known, but there are enough to administer at its 500 altars and educate a small army to wear crowns and sandals after they return to dust. Next to beggars they are the most common sights on the streets of the City, so common, indeed, that they become wearisome. A few would add to the picturesqueness of the street, but there is such a thing as too much monk.

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AMERICAN DRINKS.

In all European cities visited by tourists, there is an American bar, kept by an American where the legend "American Drinks," is boldly displayed. This is because America sends out more tourists than any other Nation, and because wherever an American who drinks at all at home, never can accustom himself to foreign beverages. The stomach accustomed to the rasping of sod-corn whisky, finds no comfort in the thinwine of Italy or France, and the American bibber misses sadly the various preparations of which whisky is the basis, and ice, lemon and sugar the accessories.

There is in Rome a genuine American stand-up bar, kept by a man from Milwaukee, and fitted up with spittoons. It is by that we know it is American. It is frequented only by Americans and a few other foreigners who know the difference between art and nature, and does a thriving trade.

There are also in Rome any number of impecunious gentlemen who drifted hither, the Lord only knows how or why, but who live here permanently, finding it easier to pick up a living from travelers who have so much money to spend anyhow, and who either to extract amusement from them or from sheer good nature, are liberal to those they would kick at home. One of this class came into the place last night. There were but few present, upon which circumstance he remarked affably to the bar-keeper, as he entered.

He asked the bar-man as to stocks, specifying particularly four per cents.

"What four per cent's?" was the reply.

"What 4 per cents? American, of course. I know my own kentry, young man, and I know its resources. I don't go to puttin' my money into stocks of governments that a revolooshen mite make worthliss at any minit, and leave me with nothin' but reel estate to live onto. Not much. Ah! I see they are off a pint. That is bad for me, but I don't keer. I hev 'em ez an investment and not to speklate on. So long ez the interst is paid I don't know ez it makes any difference to me whether they are 19 or 20. I ain't in active biznis any more."

"I should say not!" said the bar man with a sneer.

He was a very seedy old man, with no vestige of a shirt collar, and a very shabby coat buttoned up so closely about the throat as to give good ground for the suspicion that the shirt had gone off on a pilgrimage after the collar. There was a bleariness about his eyes, a color in his lips, and a general look of utter and thorough worthliness in his beard of three weeks' growth, that would have prevented any judge of human nature from lending him 10 cents on his individual promise to pay.

Nevertheless he advanced with the utmost confidence and asked for "Your best brandy, sir, your very best. I am delicate in the stomach, and can only drink the best."

"Have you 40 cents concealed about your person?" asked the worldly-wise barman.

"I am not discussing financial propositions," replied the old gentleman. "I asked for your best brandy."

"To prevent mistakes you will lay down 40 cents just before I set out the stuff."

"Which is to say, you want me to pay in advance. You probably are one of those peert young men who judge by appearances. You hev notist my trowsers are frayed at the bottom, that my shoes are run over, and—that one of them, not to put too fine a pint on it, isn't a boot at all, but a shoe, and I am not jest got up for an evenin' party, and you jedge from all this that I can't pay."

"That's about the size of it."

"Young man did you never happen to know that very wealthy men—I don't mean men with half a million, or sich a matter—but yer millionaires, yer Astors, and Vanderbilts, and Rothschilds, and sich, hed their eccentricities, and went about dressed jist as I am, to try people, and to try to find whether there wuz any good in human nacher? Did ye ever read of men who refoosed confidence to men got up as I am—I won't say that I am in this outfit for a purpose—but did ye never read how one man used sich a man as I appear to be, despitefully, and he went into another place where there was a better jedge of human nature, and the other man sed, "Don't jedge a man by his exterior," and sot out the best afore him, and some months after this the young feller got a deed for the best slaughter-pen there was in 'Frisco, all stocked with bang-up likkers and fitted up as handsome as a Connecticut schoolmarm, with his name in gilt letters over the front door—sich a place as John Rogers would have gone to the stake willingly for, and when he asked who hed done this trick for him, a man stepped up and sed, "Don't you remember givin credit to a badly-dressed man about a month ago, and not showing him out becoz he wuz not dressed in store clothes?"

"Yes!" replied the young fellow,

"I don't know who did this little racket for you, but young man alluz remember that civility costs nothing, that the best brandy don't cost much, and that you never know when you are entertainin a angel onawares. I want the very best you've got."

"Forty cents!"

"You won't set it up with sich a prospeck before you? eh? But that ain't the whole of the affectin narrative. Listen. When the man disappeared, he happened to drop a card, and on it was the name of the heftiest banker on the coast, and that young feller afterwards married his daughter, and is now pardner with him. I want the very best you've got."

"Forty cents!"

"You are obdurate? Say, look here, young feller, can't you trust the old man to jist one nip? It don't much matter what it is."

"Forty cents!"

"This is a cold world!"

And turning away he picked up the stub of a cigar and wandered out to find a more susceptible bar-tender. He had wasted his eloquence.

THE JEWS IN ROME

have had just as hard a time of it as in the other cities of Europe. As, at the beginning they refused Pagan worship, they were thrown to lions and tigers by the Pagans and after the Christian Church was established they were persecuted because they did not accept the new religion. They were given limits in the part of the City known as the Ghetto. Great gates were built at the entrances to their district, and they were compelled to keep within them after nightfall and wear a prescribed costume. They were not permitted to learn any handicraft, the highest mechanical work permitted them being the repairing of old clothes, which drove them into small trading, and which accounts for their aptness in this line of business. Their privileges consisted principally in having their beards pulled by ruffians, of being taxed unmercifully, and harried by mobs upon all possible occasions. Still, with singular pertinacity they lived and prospered.

The poorer classes of Jews live upon the same ground to-day that they did in the time of the Cæsars, and though the more wealthy, (since the world became somewhat enlightened and removed the most of their disabilities,) reside in the best streets, and in the palaces of the Princes who could spend two dollars where they received one.

That this class is cordially hated by the impoverished nobility goes without saying. Improvidence always hates providence and thrift, and the debtor who spends foolishly always hates the lender. The Roman noble who took the Jews' money and spent it hates the man who took his palace in repayment. The European nobleman wants a Jew who will lend money and never ask for principal or interest. When Jews come to do this, they will be very popular people and much sought after.

But the Jew quarter, proper, is very squalid and miserably poor. The streets are the oldest in Rome, crooked, narrow and filthy to a degree. The houses are the same as in old Rome, very high and very massive, with dens on the street level dark and cold, used as very cheap shops devoted to the sale of the second hand, or of the cheapest, meanest kind of food supplies, the streets swarming with sturdy children, healthy, stout and wonderfully beautiful, even under the incrustations of dirt that cover them. The hair is always beautiful, unkempt and tangled as it is, the eyes are always bright, and when the dirt peels off so as to show what is under, a beautiful face always appears.

Singular as it may seem, with all this squalor and poverty there is very little begging in the Jew quarter. Hampered as they are, poor as they are, they manage to make a living somehow, without the infernal b gging that makes other parts of the City so disagreeable to a stranger, and they are all educated to a greater or less degree. There are four excellent schools maintained in this quarter by the voluntary contributions of the race, and the children are compelled, by a law of their own, to regular attendance.

Rome is terribly affected with epidemics, and fevers, and all sorts of diseases which sweep off the population by thousands. Dirty and squalid as the Jew quarter is, it has never had an epidemic and is almost entirely free from the terrible fevers which afflict the other parts of the City. People may be dying by thousands all about them of epidemics, but for some reason they are exempt. This has always been the fact. In their case the laws of nature seem to be suspended.

From this quarter comes the best intellect and greatest financial skill Rome has. Since the reign of Victor Emanuel, as it is in Austria, the Jews control the press, the banking interest, and doing the most of whatever there is that has enterprise or progress in it.

The ragged Jew boy in the quarter to-day goes out merchandising in a small way into the City, his basket grows into a shop, his shop into a warehouse, and he is not long in changing his residence from the upper or lower story of a miserable house in the Jews' quarter, to a palace in the best part of the City. Despite the disabilities, the prejudice against them in Rome, and it is as deep-seated here as anywhere, they manage to get on. Give them any sort of a chance and they get on anywhere. They will control Rome eventually, as they do Vienna.

Just outside the gates of the Ghetto is a Catholic church which illustrates the spirit of the prevailing religion of a few hundred years ago. It was built by a Jew who had abjured his religion and became a Christian. What was his motive for abandoning the faith of his fathers, or what he got for it, is not known, but whoever understands the Jewish character may well believe that it was a powerful motive that worked the very unusual change. However this may be, he was, as all apostates are, very zealous, and he built this structure and gave it to the church. Immediately the officials placed over it this inscription from Isaiah 65th:

"I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts."

And that every Jew should see it when he left the Ghetto and understand it, it was engraved in Hebrew as well as Latin and made very conspicuous, so conspicuous that the Jew who ran might read.

Their zeal for the conversion of the hated race did not end with this. The church would hold so many people, and when it was not full, officers were sent out to catch Jews and force them into the church, and compel them to take part in a service they abominated. There is no evidence that any Jew was ever converted by these vigorous methods but they were worried a great deal. Indeed the principal business of the Romans of that day seemed to be the worrying of Jews. To use an Americanism, it was made very warm for them.

When St. Paul was a prisoner in Rome, he was permitted to live in a house by himself, and the house is still standing.

"Paul dwelt two years in his own hired house and received all who came unto him."

Being a Jew as a matter of course he preferred to live among his country men, more especially as it was among them that he expected to make converts. The house was originally of brick and whatever it might have been when Paul inhabited it, it is anything but a place that would be selected for a residence nowdays. It is now used as a little shop for the sale of charcoal and wood, and in its rear cows are stabled. There is no doubt that it is the identical house, and every good christian, Catholic and Protestant, goes to see it.

The Professor very much desired to see the spot which to him was sacred, and Mr. Tibbitts volunteered to take him thither. The old gentleman came back very much gratified, and he wrote a long account of it to his local newspaper, with much comment upon the character of the Apostle, and dwelt upon it continually, till it was discovered that Mr. Tibbitts had never seen the house, and that the one he took him to was not the house of St. Paul at all, but a modern one, not more than a thousand years old, or at most 1,500. And then the irreverent young man attempted to console him by saying that it would have taken a great deal more of valuable time to have gone to the genuine house, and that if no over-wise person had told him differently, it would have done just as well anyhow. The people at home would not know the difference, and he had better not say anything about it. As he had been made happy with a view of what he believed to be St. Paul's dwelling, why worry about it? "It would be wisdom," continued Mr. Tibbitts, "to still believe that the house I showed you was genuine, and that the other one is the fraud. Why disturb a belief in which you take comfort? You thrilled with emotion over a house, believing it to be St. Paul's—why take back that thrill? Why not continue the sensation? All it requires is a little faith, for there isn't a particle of difference in brick and mortar."

But the Professor was indignant all the same and never rested till he had found the right house, and then the michievous young man destroyed all his satisfaction by insisting that his new guide had deceived him, and he had not even yet seen the right place.

To this day he is not certain whether his eyes have beamed through his ancient spectacles upon the real house or not, and so perhaps, it would have been as well had he taken Mr. Tibbitts' advice. So that one believes, one house is as good as another.

It is an uncomfortable looking block with a narrow entrance to the second story where the living rooms were, with stone and brick floors.

The street is very narrow and dirty, as it was probably when St. Paul occupied it.

The squalid children who are always hanging about the door who never heard of St. Paul, wonder why so many well-dressed people come to gaze upon this particular house, as it differs in no respect from five hundred in the quarter, but as they generally have copper coin given them, in greater or smaller quantities, they are satisfied.

MARRYING MONEY.

In Rome, as in other Cities in Italy, the impoverished nobility are constantly on the lookout for rich American and English women, who are willing to trade their solid cash for the doubtful value of a title. No foreign widow, with money, who goes into society at all, ever escapes without offers from Princes who have expensive tastes without the money to supply them.

One Prince who had had two wives and had driven them both into untimely graves after spending their dowries, was on the lookout for the third. It was not so easy for him to marry, as he had established a reputation which was particularly unsavory. There were stories of his beating the two first Princesses, there were tales of very wild gambling, of affairs with legitimate actresses and all sorts of disreputable women, there were hints of very grave crimes, from the serious consequences of which he had only been saved by family influence, and in addition to all these drawbacks to a venture in the matrimonial market, he was no longer handsome or young. He was bald on the top of his head, his whiskers were of that fierce and pronounced black, which like all pretenders, overdid the matter, and in their assertiveness proclaimed their falsity. Vice had drawn its hot iron over his face and left indelible marks. His abdomen was too wide and his legs too thin, and his step tottered under the load of iniquity they were forced to carry.

And so even his title failed to attract, and he was in very bad case, indeed.

There came to Rome the widow of a Federal General, who, fortunately for himself, was killed in the war. The bullet that slew him divorced him from the homeliest woman in the United States, and gave her a pension of whatever a Brigadier General is entitled to. She was vain and foolish, and attention from anything that wore pantaloons was grateful to her.

The Prince saw her, made the preliminary experiments and determined to marry her. She had nothing but her pension, but that was better than living upon chance loans, and as he could exaggerate her income to any extent it might be made the basis for future confidence games. He made furious love to her. He vowed and protested that he loved her for herself alone, that he asked no dower with her, (he knew she had no dower,) but that he himself could provide, not only comfortably, but luxuriously, for her.

It flattered her to be sought by anybody, but when that anybody was a nobleman it was altogether too much. She laid awake nights dreaming of the figure she would cut at home as the Princess De whatever it was, and how that name would look in America. Only too gladly she consented, the matter was arranged, and the day was set.

Fortunately for the widow, a friend of her late husband happened to hear of it, and partly because he did not like the noble old fraud, and partly out of pity for the poor foolish widow, he determined to save her. Approaching the Prince one evening in a cafe he congratulated him upon his approaching marriage, and assured him he was acting nobly in taking her without a dower.

"I lofe her," replied the grinning old man-monkey. "Eet ees trhe she hef not moosh—only her pension vich is ees nossing for a shentleman, but vat ees money ven ze ha-a-r-t ees concerned."

"You speak like a gentleman, all the more because as you know, under our laws when the widow of a deceased officer marries again the pension stops."

"Vot ees zat vot you say?" exclaimed the astounded Count springing off his chair and jumping nearly to the ceiling. "Vot ees zat vot you say? Ze pension stop wen ze widow marries again! Is it not bosh you tell me?"

"I assure you it is a fact, and that is what makes the act so noble on your part. To marry her without a dollar!"

"S-a-c-r-e!" hissed the excited man as he rushed out of the place as pale as a ghost. "Vot a escape hef I made."

It is needless to add that he did not materialize to the widow again—that to escape the terrible dilemma he had placed himself in he took the night train for Naples, whither the irate woman pursued him. From thence he sailed for Marseilles she in hot pursuit, and for aught any one knows she is following him yet. She had set her heart upon being a Princess, and she is an enterprising woman who does not like to be balked in anything she undertakes. She may run him down yet.

Our Story Teller.

ROMANCE OF A VIOLIN.

Only a broken violin! There it lay in the mud, a worthless piece of wood, rudely snapped in twain, with a few loose fragments of string, soundless, voiceless; yet beside it, as reverently as though bending over a something human that had died—with a passionate burst of grief, as for some dearly loved friend, knelt a little lad of some 13 Summers.

Out from the mud, with tender, caressing touch, he lifted up the shattered remnants, his slight frame convulsed with the sobs which would not be repressed.

He made no outcry, but his face was white with the anguish of despair. He had lost his all, the friend to whom he had poured out all his woe; the companion who, until now, never had failed him, his second, better, nobler self.

Not many paces distant on the sidewalk stood the perpetrator of the outrage, a sort of undefined remorse gnawing within his breast. For mere bravado he had wrenched from the hands of the little musician his instrument and broken it across his knee, throwing the pieces in the mud.

Realizing that he had committed a coward's and a bully's act, he took from his pocket a small coin and tossed it toward the boy.

"Take that," he cried, "and stop your whimpering. You have got no business to play your music in the public street. You're a beggar and a nuisance."

But in an instant, with flashing eyes and head thrown proudly back, the street Arab had thrown the money back.

"You think you can pay me thus!" he replied in frenzied tones. "It is I who owe you a debt I yet will live to see wiped out."

They stood one instant looking steadily into each other's eyes—one the senior of the other some three or four years, tall and powerful, clad in broadcloth and linen—one a little, shrieking lad, his ragged clothes bespattered with the mud of the streets.

At this moment an open carriage rolled by, but the little girl seated within it had, with her quick eyes, discovered something amiss.

She had seen the disdainful return of the rejected coin; she had heard the boy's words; she had marked the traces of a passionate grief upon his face, and, with a hasty command to the coachman to stop, she called him to her.

"What are you about to do, Miss Selma?" questioned the lady with her, her governess.

"Nothing naughty, dear Miss Irwin," she replied. "This poor boy—see, his violin is broken. I am so sorry for him."

The lad had slowly approached the carriage, in obedience to her command; but there was no light in his face, no eagerness in his step.

"How did this happen?" asked the little girl.

Carl looked up. Was this an angel who spoke to him? He had never seen one half so lovely. Her hair floated about her shoulders in a shower of gold, and resting on it was a white hat, with a long white plume dropping far down behind; her eyes were like two purple pansies; on her cheek was the flush of the sunrise; her lips were as red as the carnation, though they quivered with her outspoken sympathy.

The boy held up the broken pieces of his violin.

"It was my all," he said, "I shall starve now, but I am glad of that, for I did not love it only that it brought me bread. I loved it—I loved it because it talked to me, and with it I was never lonely."

"But can you not buy another?"

"I have no money, miss. I can never make enough, since this has gone. I hoped one day to buy something better than this, but now the day will never come."

A shade of thoughtfulnes crept over her sweet, fair face. In the little gloved hand she held a tiny purse, and within it three bright, glittering gold pieces shone. They were to purchase a coveted doll, her fond father's birthday gift.

She turned hastily to her governess.

"Please, Miss Irwin, do you think papa would be displeased if I do not buy a doll? No, no, I know he would not."

Then, waiting for no reply, she pressed the purse into the boy's hands.

"Go buy your violin," she said. "No, you must not return this as you returned the other money; but some day, when you are a great musician, you shall repay me. Who knows? You may play at my wedding."

And, with a little laugh as the carriage started forward, the child, with a wave of her hand, disappeared.

The boy stood motionless, wrapped in a sort of ecstacy. No doubt that a veritable angel had visited him crossed his mind. Had he been dreaming? No; for within his hand lay the dainty little purse. Opening it almost with reverence, the shining pieces of gold met his gaze; but something else as well—a little piece of pasteboard, and upon it written a name and address. The lad lifted it to his lips.

"It is another debt I owe," he said softly to himself.

* * * * *

Years later, and on a bright, starlit night in January, the Academy of Music was filled from pit to dome. The great violinist, Herr Carl Seiberg, was to appear. He was very young, not 23 the critics said, and yet he had reached the zenith of his fame. A great wave of applause greeted him as he came forward to the center of the stage. He was tall but slight, with large, dreamy eyes and a mouth whose sensitiveness the blonde mustache could not wholly hide. With a soft, caressing motion he drew the bow across the strings. An almost human voice of exquisite melody seemed to respond. The house held its breath to listen.

In one of the lower proscenium boxes sat a young girl of 19. She wore no hat, and in her golden hair gleamed a diamond star. She was beautiful, with rare loveliness. There was no fairer face in all the crowded assemblage. Behind her, leaning on the back of her chair, was a young man, whose gaze of wrapt admiration never withdrew itself—a man of superb hight and breadth of form, and with eyes and hair dark as the night—eyes which glowed with feeling as they dwelt upon her face, for the hope nearest Fairfax Farley's heart was to win the woman for his wife.

She turned toward him as the music died, with a quick indrawing of her breath.

"Tell me," she whispered, "was it not perfect?"

"I did not hear it; I was thinking but of you."

A vivid flush, almost of annoyance, rose to her brow; but at that moment the young musician, recalled by the thundering plaudits of the people, reappeared.

His gaze now wandered over the house, finally resting on the exquisite face. He gave a sudden start. Of what, of whom did it remind him? For a few seconds their eyes met; then with a sudden inspiration he drew his bow.

What was he playing? It was a cadence no man had ever heard before. It seemed to tell an unknown story, if one could but interpret it. It began in a storm of grief, of passionate despair, unreasoning, hopeless; then followed a lull, a rift in the clouds, a sudden gleam of sunshine, then a heavy tolling of weary feet, often torn and bleeding, but with that rift of sunshine never quite hidden by the clouds overhead, no matter how dark or dense they gathered; then came a burst of triumph, a song of victory, a transport of passion, and then peace.

The last note seemed to have no ending. Its echoes lingered in a melodious hush, and rang in the peans of applause.

The girl in the box tore the violets from her breast and threw them at Herr Seiberg's feet. Flowers rained everywhere, but these only he stooped to gather. These he held so tightly that their crushed fragrance was wafted to his senses as he bowed his adieux.

The young musician was the lion of the hour. Fashionable ladies sought him out. Invitations to fetes, and receptions, and dinners rained upon him. It was at one of these latter that he and Miss Laurence met.

"I have pressed your flowers," he said to her, in a low voice.

"My flowers?" she asked with a blush.

Then she remembered the violets she had so impulsively thrown him.

"I had almost forgotten," she added. "What was it, Herr Seiberg, that you played? It has haunted me ever since."

"Some time," he replied, "I will tell you. Now you shall only know that you were its inspiration."

Were his words presumption? She could not answer; neither could she know the strange power which ever swayed her while in this man's presence.

"You do not teach?" she said to him one day.

"No," he answered. "But if you will be my pupil, it would indeed be a pleasure."

"And your terms?"

His face flushed.

"I need no gold," he responded. "It is that some day you will hear my story."

* * * * * * *

"I see nothing of you, Selma," said Fairfax Farley during this time. "Do you forget that I have some claims?"

"No, I forget nothing," she said.

But there was sadness rather than happiness in her tone.

"Are you not ready to give me your answer, dear?" the man continued. "Why do you hold me in suspense? Why may I not have the sweet promise that I crave?"

Did she shudder? If so but momentarily, as the sweet young voice made answer.

"True," it said, "you have been very patient, but be so yet a little longer. Let me be sure of myself. It is only for this assurance, Fairfax, that I wait."

But underneath Fairfax Farley's courteous calm was a seething maelstrom, a burning jealousy.

Two weeks later he waited outside Miss Laurence's home until Herr Sieberg stood on the steps, in the moonlight. He had been passing the evening with her. An hour before Mr. Farley had made his adieux.

"Herr Sieberg!"

It was his voice, addressing the musician.

"Yes," he responded, his surprise showing in his tone.

"I have waited for you," continued Mr. Farley, "in order to ask of you a favor. It is a great favor, but money need be no object between us. I am willing to pay you any price, however fabulous; and although I know it is out of your line, I want very much that you should play the solo at my wedding."

In the moonlight Herr Seiberg's face showed a strange pallor.

"At your wedding! You are to be married! May I inquire to whom?"

"Miss Laurence is my betrothed. Had you not heard?"

Both in question and answer rang a strained intensity; but the silence that followed had in its dumbness more force than either. Herr Seiberg spoke:

"To-morrow night at this hour you shall have my decision," he said, and rapidly strode away.

Before noon the following day, Miss Laurence received Herr Sieberg's card. Penciled on it were these words:

"Pardon my intrusion, and grant me half an hour's interview in which to bid you farewell."

Farewell! There was a certain spasmodic fluttering of the heart as she dimly realized its purport.

What does this sudden departure portend? and why—why did it cause this faint sickness which stole through her every pulse and fiber of her heart?

"Show Herr Seiberg up," she said to the servant; then schooling herself to be calm, sat awaiting him.

On the threshold of the room he paused.

"You asked me once, Miss Laurence," he began, "the story of my violin told on the night we met. I answered, that some time you should know. Would it weary you to know it now?"

She bowed assent, and motioned to a chair, but he still stood.

"I must go back many years," he said, "to the time when I was a little lad, footsore and friendless. Nay, not friendless! I had one friend—a poor little piece of wood with strings across it; but I forgot it was wood. In my hours of loneliness and grief and sadness, I would take to it, and then, by idly drawing my bow across the strings, it would answer me. Ah! no one could have believed it but myself, but it painted to me the future—it told me all that I might be. It whispered courage—it breathed hope. Well, one day strolling through the streets, touching its chords, asking no alms—I never begged—a boy older than I, taller, stronger, a boy richly dressed, and with a gold chain hanging at his vest, stopped and mocked me. I walked on silently. He followed me, and, in an unprepared moment, snatched my violin, and snapping it across his knee, threw it into the filth and mud of the street.

"I was stunned. The magnitude of my loss overwhelmed me. The surging tide of my despair closed in about my soul. I saw neither earth nor sky—naught save the shattered, voiceless wood. Then he who had wrought me the wanton, wicked act, threw me the coin. It roused me from my stupor. I caught and hurled it back. Not thus might he pay the debt I owed to him.

"In that moment a carriage passed. Seated within was a beautiful child—a little girl. She ordered the coachman to stop. She had seen something of what had happened. She inqired the cause of my distress. Then, with a tender pity in her eyes, and a voice like music, she put her purse into my hands and bade me use its contents as I would. "Some day," she said, "when you are a great musician, you shall repay me. Who knows? You may play at my wedding."

The girl's head was bowed now. Her bosom rose and fell. Two sparkling tears glimmered on the lashes which swept her cheek. Like a dream it all came back to her; like a vision she saw the boyish face uplifted to hers through a mist of tears.

Herr Seiberg strode to her side. He put his hand within his coat and drew something forth. Instinctively she knew it to be the little purse.

"It has never left me," he said hoarsely. "I owe all that I am to you. The gulf between us is as wide now as then. I have never hoped to cross it. You are the heiress of a rich man. I, too, have wealth, but that cannot wipe out the spot. Let me tell you, though, what I did. I took your money and bought with it my violin. The man who sold it to me had a kindly face, and when I paid him for it I asked of him a favor.

"'The money with which I purchased this was lent to me,' I said. 'I would like—oh, so very much!—to keep this same gold. Will you lay it aside for three months, when I may redeem it? I do not know that I can, but I will save every penny I earn if you will but do this for me.'

"The man smiled and consented.

"He marked the gold in my sight and laid it away. Within the time I had regained possession of it. It is here, Miss Laurence. It seems a trifling sum now to both of us, but remember that it has made me all that I am. Yet its payment does not pay my debt. You said perhaps I might play at your wedding. Command me and I obey, even though I thus forswear my second debt to the boy who a second time, in my manhood, causes me the deepest misery my life has known."

He paused, and held outstretched towards her the open purse. His face was like marble; his eyes shone with a wondrous fire.

"Of what are you speaking?" she said gently. "Whom am I to marry?"

"Last night he told me you were his betrothed."

"He? Who?"

"Fairfax Farley."

"It is not true. He has wished it so, but I did not know my own heart, and asked that he should wait. I know that it can never be. Carl, you spoke of a gulf between us. Is it one that love will not bridge?"

The next night Fairfax Farley and Herr Seiberg met.

"You have decided?" asked the former.

"It is impossible," Carl replied; "but since you have so kindly asked me to play at your wedding, may I not ask you to dance at mine?"

"Ah! you are betrothed, then?"

"Yes."

"And to whom?"

"Miss Laurence," the young musician answered, proudly.

Two little words—a name soon to be merged into another identity; but their momentary utterance had cancelled his twofold debt—redeemed his boyhood's vow.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

PIONEER LIFE.

Recollections of Early Days in the West.

BY DR. H. SCOTT.

No. 8.

Setting up housekeeping was the next thing in order following the country wedding, and generally took place at once, often within the few immediate succeeding days. I have known instances where the newly-married couple were to themselves on the Monday following the infare, in their own cabin. The preparations for housekeeping were, as a rule, with all provident young people, completed before the wedding day, even to the building of the cabin; but this was not universal. In some cases the bride remained with her parents until the preparations were finished. The start was generally made in a small log cabin built of round logs, with puncheon floor, clapboard loft, stick and mud chimney, and at first a paper window. Sometimes a cabin that had been occupied and afterwards vacated could be had, but for the most part one was built for the occasion. Generally a field was cleared and fenced for the first crop of corn; in other cases the young married man rented a field the first year; or perhaps tended some land on the shares.

The outfit of a pioneer young lady, at her marriage, was a bed and bedding, a pot, oven and skillet, a few cheap dishes, a spinning wheel and reel, a cow, and perhaps a couple of sheep, and a side saddle, if her father was able to afford it. This was the outfit in a general way. In addition, there were many other little necessaries provided by the girl herself, with the assistance of her mother, such as towels, table cloths and the like, in almost every instance spun, woven and made up by her own hands, and instances were by no means wanting where girls spun, wove and made up their own wedding dresses, for a wedding dress in those times was often made of linen or linsey, and sometimes of flax linen. But the inevitable gourd was always provided. No young woman ever thought of going to house-keeping without a gourd. It was seldom that a plantation was without its gourd vine, in the garden or truck patch. They were usually planted in the fence corners, or by the side of a big stump or log, and brush places for them to run up on. As soon as the gourds ripen in the Fall, it was the girl's privilege, who contemplated marriage, to select her gourd, pull it, and put it carefully away. A thrifty gourd-vine usually produced three or four large sized gourds, besides several smaller ones.

It may be mentioned here, that almost the entire wearing apparel of the frontier people was home made, consisting of flax and tow linens, flannels and linsey. Linsey was fabricated of flax chain and wool filling, and these were dyed of a great variety of colors—from a yellow to a deep black—with all intermediate shades, including a pale and deep blue. Any desired variety of striped and barred, or plaid fabrics were made. The coloring matter was obtained from the inner bark of several kinds of trees, as the hickory, white oak,

night, when that vast and patriotic expression of the North was wrapped in slumber—(it will be remembered that taps were blown quite early in the evening, when, according to army regulations, the army had to sleep, whatever its inclinations)—when there could be heard only the snore of the weary sentinel and the liquid and suggestive click of the poker-chip at headquarters—when, in fact, the silence was a trifle too obvious and oppressive to be healthy, just as an unwonted calm precedes the cyclone of wind, then, in the falling of a persimmon, it would burst on the unsuspecting sutler, and with the coming of the blessed sunlight there would be left only a few empty preserve tumblers and here and there a tin can, which evidently had been abruptly opened and despoiled, where only the evening before there had been thrift, contentment and prosperity.

Such is the uncertainty of sutler life.

Indeed, 'twas a very fluctuating game.

I was especially, I may say sadly, impressed with uncertainty of all things pertaining to the sutler's life during that lively foot-race which terminated at Gettysburg.

In the beginning of that go-as-you-please affair the Heavy Artillery formed a part of the rear guard.

I had never before seen, I never afterwards saw, so many sutlers, and such affluent and plethoric with store goods sutlers, as were on us, and around us, and all over us, the morning we set out from Falmouth.

Mosby—that turkey buzzard of the Confederacy—Mosby, who since then has been reconciled into office under the State he helped to save by raiding its baggage and looting its sutlers, Mosby, with an immense flock of similar birds of prey, was sailing around, and Mosby was hungry.

Picture then, oh, patriotic reader, delineate on the retina of your mind's eye, the poor sutler's situation.

The rear guard, especially the H. A. portion thereof, was unanimous in its profanity concerning the sutler, because his carts interfered with the evolutions, the goings and the comings of the aforesaid artillery.

Whereas, for the unfortunate sutler to depart far from the fostering care of the rear guard was to step into the capacious jaws of the hungry Mosby and his hungry crew.

Wherefore, the sutler clung to the rear guard even as the mother-in law clings to her offspring by marriage when she discovers that her darling son has contracted the habit of losing the keyhole to his front door at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Then, to make it cheerful and warm for us, though this was in the rosy month of June, the gentle and considerate Mosby set fire to the woods.

The morning was hot.

The roads were dusty.

Hot! For an absolute military verity you could have fried eggs anywhere there on the sacred soil around Falmouth, had you been the fortunate owner of that kind of fruit. Not that we did fry eggs, because the cavalry was ahead of us, and wherever the cavalry went the hens usually stopped laying. And dust! Why, the infantry walked right over it.

Kind reader, as you peruse this over your breakfast coffee with store cream into it, your soft tack and such other luxuries and comforts as peace permit, you to enjoy, let me ask you, were you ever a part of the rear guard of an army?

If so, you will join with me in the little anthem I stop right here to sing, with much unction and no little soul expression, that we got out of it with the breath of life yet left in us and with no larger score for profanity charged up against us than falls to the lot of the average patriot.

It has been written that there was an army in Flanders that swore. I have looked into that assertion. It is not clearly shown that the entire army in Flanders was given to profanity; but that the rear guard did swear will not be doubted by anyone who has been a rear guard.

If you never were a constituent part of the rear guard of an army, please to further peruse.

With the rear guard the scheme is to keep up with the army which is going to the rear—frequently with much alacrity—and at the same time to beat back the patriots on the other side, who not infrequently insist on going just where your people are going and with a kind of familiarity that is not always pleasant.

No patriot while peacefully wending his way to the rear likes to have a 10-pound shell flirted at him.

At least I was never introduced to many such patriots.

Such flirtation grates harshly on one's nerves and disturbs one's day dreams.

Obviously, then, the rear guard man has to gaze in two different and opposite directions at the same time.

An accomplishment the patriot readily acquires, just as the statesman daily and duly informs the reporters that he is not running for office, while he is also daily and duly laying his little pipes.

The fact is, man by nature is somewhat duplex, and in my brief and limited career I have occasionally met a woman of a duplex turn of mind.

But I suppose I must go to the rear again.

Well, as I have intimated, our rear guard was full of sutlers.

Now, the weight of their loads, the heat of the day, the intensity of the fire and the density of the dust, all had their effects on the sutlers' horses, which resulted in frequent halts, which in turn resulted in frequent strong and very ardent expressions and finally attracted the attention of the principal excursionist in charge of the rear guard.

His name was Shaler.

He had been a fireman in New York. Still is, I hear. But he laid aside his trumpet early in the bickerings and joined the tourists.

He was a good man when things moved smoothly. But when things moved unevenly, when, to illustrate, there was a hiatus in his brigade like that now made by the sutlers—well! He was still a good man, but had an abrupt way of giving expression to his sentiments.

I think he loved the H. A.

He did not want us to get lost.

At all events he rode up to the commander of the H. A. and wished to know why in Ingersoll's place in the hereafter that battery did not close up on the infantry.

At this time there was about one-eighth of a mile of sutlers' wagons in the road ahead of the H. A.

The commander of the H. A. pointed to the sutlers' carts, and in response to the courtly inquiry of the General murmured, "Obstacles."

"State the nature of the obstacles," said the General.

"Sutlers," remurmured the commander of the H. A.

"Mully," remarked the general, with much doubt skirmishing about his shaggy eyebrows. "Mully, I never before knew that a sutler was much of an obstacle to the Heavy Artilery."

And then as he turned his horse to the rear and threw away an old cud, evidently foreseeing an opportunity to replace it, he only said;

"Mully, close up."

There are times when a man is not exactly a free agent, when he is under the domination of some overshadowing superior force which wipes out his identity.

Such was the situation of the H. B. Shaler laid over us in shoulder-strap.

He had said close up, and I hold him responsible for what subsequently happened.

"Sergeant!" said the Commander of the H. A. to the patriot in charge of the foremost gun, "we are ordered to close up on the infantry. Between us and the Dough Boys there are numerous sutlers' carts, Sergeant, have a care, have a care, sir, how you pass."

"Shall we trot, sir?" inquired the Sergeant.

"Well, yes," responded the Commander of the H. A. "The General's order was rather peremptory. Perhaps we had better trot."

"Bugler, blow the trot," commanded the Sergeant.

And trot they did.

Now if it is believed by any one, I care not whether it be a civilian or a warrior, that it's easy to pass a battery at a trot by a train of sutler wagons on a narrow Virginia road without a collision, then I beg leave to inform that over-credulous person that he is laboring under an hallucination. It can't be done.

The drivers of the H. A. were—most of them—old and experienced teamsters from the great bean eating center of the world, and they could not encompass it.

I have no reason to believe that they were guilty of any contributary negligence whatever.

But, oh, my countrymen! What a collision was there.

The first gun carriage had no sooner reached the hindermost sutler cart than the air—in fact, all the adjacent country—was full of spokes, sutlers, canned milk, tobacco, seed-cakes, preserves, schnaps, P. B., S. T. 1860, intermingled with ejaculations of a pointed and Israelitish cast, lamentations, and some profanity.

Yet—and I shall carry this consolation with me to the great muster out—we closed up.

So did the sutlers close up. They closed up on the infantry and they closed up their books for that trip.

I never knew what effect it had on Mosby's command. I do not know, however, that the marstial body got no far ther that day than the spot where the sutlers were stranded.

Shorly after the accident I saw one of our excursionists sitting by the roadside eating Spring lamb from a can which seemed once to have been a part of a sutler's assets. At least, the army ration at that time did not include that dish. "Jim," remarked the excursionist to another tourist; "Jim, why don't these sutlers furnish green peas with their Spring lamb?"

Jim evaded the inquiry, but remarked: "And there was no shrimp sauce for the salmon."

Of course this was an oversight on the part of the sutlers, who, had they foreseen the contingency that awaited them, would have furnished the sauce just as willingly as they furnished the fish to their patriotic countrymen.

That night there was a somber, sad gathering of men on the banks of the classical but muddy Acquia Creek.

They wore not the uniforms, nor the easy, contented expressions of many of their contiguous countrymen. They had been sutlers a few hours before. Now they had nothing left but condolence for each other. They condoled some little time and then the old patriotic spirit came back, for one of them remarked: "Never mind, poys; I go to Washingdon mit der Government poat, and you gust pet your poots I makes a goot average mit dem soldier fellers yet."

He did.

And when the cruel war was over he started a distillery, where he still maintains his average.

MULDOON, MAJOR, H. A.

Rumer.

PLUG TELEGRAMS.

Some of the Funny Blunders.

Washington Capital.

The frank, great-hearted monopolies say they are handling the telegraphic business without injury to public or private interests, and they insist that the whole world shall swallow this statement with the fact that four-fifths of their best operators are out on a strike while inexperienced men are working the keys. Here are some specimens of recent "plug" work: A "first-class" man had been calling for three hours, when the manager directed a "gilt edge" man to answer. He did so, and what follows shows how the report of the Democratic Convention at Lynchburg, Va., failed to reach the *Daily Bourbon;* how they got it and didn't get it.

"LUNCHBURG, Pa., July 26.—The Democrats adjoined at a tame hour last night after a parcimonious session and the adiption of an expensive and elatsorate platfism. Maj. J Nowd Aniel, who is a flurid fighter and a shaker, is the author of all the risloric and wine friting it contains. The propersition respecting the public spools if the State is the mist surprise song in the platfism." Just at this point some railroad operator broke in and asked if the office clock had struck yet. This gave the "valuable" man time to look over his copy; he was floored by the words "elatsorate," "platfism," etc., so he held his key open and called for the chief operator. "Look here," he said, "this is the first press I ever received written in cipher. Can't you give me a City wire?" "Why you've got this all mixed," said the chief. "'Elatsorate' is 'elaborate,' 'platfism,' should be 'platform,' 'spools,' 'schools' and 'mist surprise song if,' translated is, 'most surprising of.' Well, I'll swear," continued, "you've got John W. Daniel as J. Nowd Aniel. I guess you can take lunch better than you take press." So he relieved him from the wire and sat down him self to guess the thing out and patch up the first-class Morse at the other end, and this is the way the struggle continued for double pay. "Go ahead platform," wired the chief. Then followed the balance in this shape: "Gen. Dewberry ('that's Newbury,' said the chief) made a lung speech ('long speech,' said the chief), in the source ('course,' said the chief) of which he paid Gen. T. Tahine"—

"Great Scott!" rattled the chief; "doesn't the copy you are sending from read 'he said Gen. Mahone?'"

"What's that?" says the sender.

"Go ahead, Mahone," says the receiver.

"Sign," says the sender.

"Write Morse," says the receiver.

"Tell the chief operator to come to the key," says the sender.

"He is here," says the receiver.

"Sign," says the sender.

"D. M. T. L.," says the receiver. "Mail your report, I've struck, and this office is closed."

The valuable man at the other end could not understand him, so he continued sending, and just as the chief was leaving the office he caught this on the wire he had just left.

"After a horny debate the convention with much concussion sijourned, as stated aboard."

I saw this shattered chief soon after this torture, and he gave me some samples of work done by the "full and competent force" in his office. I select a few:

A broker sent it: "Buy short. Market closed firm."

"Broker got it: "Buy shirt. Mark it 'Claud' for me."

Husband sent it: "Will send the money to-morrow. Love and kisses."

Wife got it: "Will send the monkey Mrs. Row. Liver and kissengen."

His girl sent it: "Pic-nic Saturday. Shall wish for you all day. By-by."

He got it: "Pie nice Saturday. Shellfish for two. Am dry, baby." And so on.

A Slight Mistake.

Detroit Post and Tribune.

She was a thin, narrow, dark-visaged woman with "specs" on, and she carried a package of tractlets and leaflets which she scattered broadcast among the sinners in the Cass avenue car on which she rode. When only one or two of the pamphlets were left a man got in. He was on his way to the depot, a countryman, going home, evidently. He had a big watermelon which he disposed of tenderly on the seat next to him, and a glass flask with a rubber cork stuck boldly out of his coat pocket.

"Heugh!" he panted as he stuffed his fare in the box. "Hotter than harvestin' up here, ain't it?"

Everybody looked cold disapproval at him, as good, polite, Christian people do when spoken to in a street car; all but the woman with the "tracks." She had fished one out and extended it to him.

"Thankee," he said, receiving it in a brown paw; "comic almanac, hey?"

"No sir," said the woman, firmly, in a high falsetto voice. "It's to save your immortal soul. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wine," and she pointed with a crooked fore-finger to the glass flask protruding from his breast pocket.

"Oh, I see," said the man, smiling good-humoredly on his sour visaged *vis-a-vis;* "but this bottle ain't for me, ma'am."

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," quoted the woman fiercely.

"He ain't egzactly my neighbor eyther," said the man. "You see, it's the new baby, and wife calculates to fetch him up by hand, and this bottle's for him, bless his pootsy tootsy. Where's the rigging of it?" and, diving into another pocket, he fished out some India rubber tubing, etc.

The woman didn't wait to finish her dissertation on temperance, but got out without asking the driver to stop.

Voting Bonds.

Wall Street News.

A town up in New Hampshire which wanted to build a highway bridge had heard so much of issuing bonds to pay for such improvements that a representative was sent to Boston to inquire how it could be done, and to arrange for it. He visited a broker and stated the case, and the broker rubbed his hands and replied:

"You did quite right to come to me. In the first place, you must vote to bond the Township or County. If you think there is any danger of the project being defeated I can run in 150 or 200 railroad laborers to help carry it."

"Is it possible!"

"If you want a $3,000 bridge, vote bonds to the amount of $6,000. You and I can manage to gobble up anything left over."

"Well, I declare!"

"I'll place the bonds for you for a commission. Then I'll recommend a bridge-builder, and make him come down. Then he will sublet for a bonus, and by dodging specifications and working in odds and ends, and using putty to hide the cracks, I think——"

"I swan! but I won't listen—I won't—I won't—I won't!" shouted the representative, and he rushed out and took the train for home to report that they had better patch up the old bridge and make it do for a year or two more.

Sublime Cheek.

Kingston Freemen.

The other day during a rain storm Col. Monroe met a chap on the street who accosted him with:

"I say, old feller, give us a match."

The Colonel went down into his pocket and produced three matches, which the man took with profuse thanks. The Colonel then turned to go away, and had gone few feet when the man again hallooed to him.

"I say, ser here my 'steemed friend?"

"Well," said the Colonel, "what do you want?"

"My 'steemed friend," said the other, "I say (hic) I am all wet, you know, now just raise your leg and let me scratch this match on it."

No Advantage Either Way.

The teller of a Buffalo bank, according to the veracious *Commercial Advertiser* of that City, reports the following incident: A German citizen approached the window requested that a check payable to the order of Schweitzercase be cashed. "*Ja*, dot's me," he nodded reassuringly, in answer to the teller's look of inquiry. "But I don't know that you are Mr. Schweitzercase. You must get yourself identified," said the teller. "How vass dot?" asked the German citizen, with a puzzled look. "You must get someone to identify you," repeated the bank officer; "I don't know you." "Ah! *ja*" cried John, much relieved. "Dot's all right. *I don'd know you neider.*"

An Awakened Conscience.

An old negro met an Arkansas Colonel on the street and proposed to exchange a very good silver watch for one comparatively worthless. The exchange was made, and several days afterwards, when the Colonel met the negro, he asked: "Gabe, why did you want to trade watches with me? The one I got from you is an excellent time-keeper, while the one you got from me is of very little account." "Well, boss, you see I stole that watch what I let yerse'f hab, but shortly efterwards I jined de church an' 'cluded ter trade aroun' till I got one by hones'ness."

A Dangerous Foe.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"I'm so alarmed, Lizzie," exclaimed a St. Louis girl, who was engaged to be married to a young army officer. "He hasn't written me in three days." "There is no occasion to get excited," was the reassuring reply; "he is out of the reach of Indians, there is no epidemic prevailing where he is stationed, and when he last wrote you he was in perfect health." "Oh, yes, I know all that, Lizzie," said the timid, agitated creature, "but then there's the army worm."

Good Risks.

Rochester Post-Express.

"I want to get my life insured for $10,000," said a Southern editor to an insurance agent, "but, to be frank with you, I have accepted a challenge to fight a duel next week. If you care to take the chances, you can make out the policy at once." "Who is the other man?" asked the agent, as he handed over the papers and pocketed the premium. He was told, and when he went to bed that night he felt that the two policies issued that day were the safest risk he had ever accomplished.

He's Yet Single.

Woman's Journal.

A bachelor who was tired of single life set the table in his lonely abode with plates for himself, and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as often as he helped himself to food he put the same quantity on each of the other plates, and surveyed the prospect, at the same time computing the cost. He is still a bachelor.

Too Good for This World.

Exchange.

A religious paper relates the story of a deacon who, being accompanied by a young friend on an Autumn morning when the foliage was all ablaze with high-colored hues, had his attention called to a clump of trees which was specially attractive, and solemnly replied, "I never look at trees on Sunday."

How Is This for High?

Translated from the *Omnibus:* "Who is then the sky-tall young man there, my young lady?"

"He is the son of the Mr. Loeckle."

"And what shall he then become?"

"He is to the church intended."

"To the church? So? I thought to the church steeple!"

The Work of a Fiend.

San Francisco Post.

The other day a fiend in human shape went into the hat-room at the Palace during dinner hour and folded strips of newspaper inside the sweatbands of every hat on the rack. Every guest insisted that somebody had stolen his hat, and the exercises wound up with 42 scrapping matches and a free fight.

A Worldly Deacon.

Philadelphia News.

"Yes," said the Vermont deacon, "I always go down to camp meeting, and always come back feeling good. Do you see that magnificent horse there in the field? Well, you ought to have seen the old plug I took down there."

The Difference.

Pittsburg Telegraph.

"The difference," said Twistem, as he thumbed his glass on the bar, "between this glass and a locust, is simply that one is a beer-mug and the other a mere bug."

*Both Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for "Guide to Health and Nerve Strain."

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. MORRISON, PLUMMER & CO., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ills., and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

Miscellany.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

A man with water on the brain should wear a plug hat.

Can the policeman who chases and catches a Chinese criminal be said to be the Asiatic collarer?

The youngest Brigadier General in the United States Army is Gen. Mackenzie, aged 42.

Sullivan opened a bar-room in Boston last night. He came near opening Slade the evening previous.

A New Hampshire dog is sick from biting a tramp. Some dogs don't know enough to last 'em over night.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A true Bostonian never cries "fire!" He alarms the neighborhood by shouting, "An impending conflagration."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

There are said to be 100,000 Americans scattering their dollars in Europe this year. It is a source of gratification that they are able to do it.

A shower of stones is reported by 16 gentleman of St. Albans, Vt. It is noticed, however, that these gentleman are members of a brass band.

Jeff Davis agrees with the New York *Sun* that "the Republican party must go." Jeff never did like the Republican party.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"I wouldn't mind it so much," said the gilded youth, "if he'd bring a different bill occasionally. But I'm bored to death with seeing the same old bill!"

It is just as well that the majority of people have trouble. They would go out and borrow it if they didn't have it in the house.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The Augusta *Chronicle* warns Southern business men against Wall street. The South is already well enough fixed with lotteries.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

The following is a literal transcript of a sign on a Pennsylvania Village store: "Tea and Taters, Sugar and Shingles, Brickdust and Lasses, Whisky, Tar and other Drugs."

Oscar Wilde says he thinks it would be glorious to die in the Nagara rapids. That's all right, Osc.; we'll fix it with the rapids, but are you prepared to die?—*Lowell Citizen.*

Who Pat was sent to the lobster-pot to see if there was anything in it he said upon returning, "There was no ripe ones, sor—only grane ones; and I tossed them all overboard."

Last week 395 patents were issued from the office at Washington. We suppose Edison got all but two of them. The other two are for things that nobody can ever use.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Yes," said the Vermont clergyman, "I consider it all right for a minister of the gospel to trade horses; but as a matter of policy, he should trade with some one outside of his own congregation."

Did you ever think what you would do if you had Vanderbilt's income?—*Norristown Register.* Well, no; but we've often wondered what Vanderbilt would do if he had our income.—*Amsterdam Sentinel.*

Physicians say it is best to go in bathing when you are hungry. This is all very well, but a man will be thought to have little regard for the proprieties who goes into the water with nothing on his stomach. —*Somerville Journal.*

When the weary granger sits down in the field to rest him, and suddenly jumps up as though an electric current had traversed his system, it is not always a shock of wheat which he experiences. Sometimes it is a hornet.—*Burlington Free Press.*

In one chapter.—Boy—melon—shady spot—secluded nook—yum! yum! all gone!—boy sighs—colic comes—boy howls—mother scares—father jaws—doctor comes—colic goes—boy well—wants more—(notice of funerel hereafter).—*Detroit Free Press.*

The coal-man's cart broke down as he was going to weigh the coal. "You needn't fuss to weigh that coal," said the man who had purchased it. "If it's heavy enough to break down the cart it weighs more than any ton of coal I ever got before, I'm satisfied."

A Dakota paper uses this argument, by way of "assisting" immigration to the Territory: "It costs $1,000 for a man to get a moderate outfit for farming in Iowa, but all a woman needs to run a homestead in Dakota is an oil stove, three hens and a rooster."

A rich and forgotten manuscript collection has recently been unearthed in the Royal British Institution. They are the papers of Guy Carleton, who was Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America in 1781, and who evacuated New York in 1783.

Prof. Baird, Director of the Smithsonian Institution and President of the Fish Commission, while he rarely fails to recognize a species of fish or any scientific specimen on sight, is often at a loss to call his best-known acquaintances by name when he meets them casually.

There is scarcely a City from Boston to San Francisco whose site has not at some time been claimed by some man whose ancestors mislaid the deed. Chicago now has the experience. Nehemias Smith of Gridley, Cal., now claims that he owns most of the ground rents of Chicago.

A Colorado swindle is to buy a lot of "remnants" of Texas herds, mostly "arren cows and bony steers, have them "booked," compute the increase by ordinary rules, and after a while sell the lot on the range, of course without counting. It is said that in this way herds of 2,000 have been sold and paid for as 10,000.

In a Vermont family the father has a cancer on his forehead; two daughters are rapidly running down with consumption; a son, on whom the family has largely depended for support, is in very poor health, probably in consumption, and the mother, worn out with labor and anxiety, is a lunatic.—*Way We Marry.*

It has been found by the *Churchman* to be historically true that the Puritans in Cromwell's time gave to a child the name "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned-Barebones." He became a member of Parliament, and all his names were dropped except the last; but he was familiarly known as "Damned Barebones."

The Egyptian census has just been completed. The total population is given as 6,798,230, of whom 3,360,918 are males and 3,404,312 females. Cairo has 368,108 inhabitants; Alexandria, with its suburbs, 208,-775; Port Said, 17,540; Suez, 10,913; Tantah, 33,725; Damietta, 34,046; Rosetta, 16,-671; Mansurah, 26,784; Zagazig, 19,046.

Prof. Rudolph Virchow, one of the most eminent surgeons in Germany, got a box of pills from an apothecary, was cured of his sickness, and wrote a note stating the fact. Thereupon his medical society censured him. He has published a card saying he can no longer "belong to a society that arrogates to itself the right of an arbitrary and offensive criticism."

In 1772 a bright cloud was observed at midnight to cover a mountain in the Island of Java; it emitted globes of fire so luminous that the night became as clear as day. Its effects were astonishing. Everything was destroyed for seven leagues around. Houses were levelled, plantations were buried in the earth, and 3,000 people lost their lives, beside 1,500 head of cattle.

Monsiuor Capel has come here like the Langtry and Oscar Wilde, simply in quest of Yankee money. His pockets are nearly empty, and he has been in such difficulties thro' debt as to be obliged to sell his personal effects. After visiting our fashionable watering places and being insulted to by American snobbery, this ecclesiastical dude expects to deliver some vapid lectures in our large Cities, and thus fill the aching void in his pockets.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Nothing is ever lost by taking pains in small things. The butcher who rolls up your purchase into a great clumsy bundle you can never unpack, but your heart yearns toward him who says: "You would like to have me trim this, sir?" following up the query by removing two pounds of bone and four pounds of meat which has cost you $1.75. Your heart yearns to him, notwithstanding you have but 25 cents' worth for your share of the transaction, while he has your gratuity of $1.50. The only thing which saddens you in the whole matter is the thought that the next time that butcher sells those trimmings he will realize but three cents a pound for them.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Here are a few additional errors made in messages by the "plug" operators during the last week, to which my attention was called: "Will be home in morning," was received, "Will the some on morning." "Train too late" when received read "Rain too late." "Essex County" was made into "Z six ruinly." "Harry dead; body goes by evening train" was received, "Hurry dead body; I go by evening train." A grocer received the following message yesterday: "Send five dozen 156." After going to the office and requesting a repetition, it read: "Send five dozen eggs."

And still do they contend that everything is going along nicely. A friend of mine from Troy, who arrived in the City to spend a few days shortly after the strike commenced, sent an important message to his wife. Instead of Troy, N. Y., it was sent to LeRoy, N. Y., and of course his wife never received the message.—*New York Star.*

Paralytic strokes, heart disease, and kidney affections prevented by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

FOR THE LADIES.

When a woman wants to be pretty she bangs her hair, and when she wants to be ugly she bangs the door.

An article in an exchange is headed: "Give your wife a vacation." Exactly, hire a cottage in the woods and make her cook for you.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A Kansas woman was upbraiding her husband when a cyclone hove in sight, and, with a sigh of relief the unhappy man ran out into its path and was safely blown into the next County.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Astronomy in Rhode Island: "Charles, dear," she muttered, as she strolled along Hamlet avenue last evening, and gazed at the bejeweled firmament, "which is Venus and which is Adonis?"—*Woonsocket Reporter.*

Woman who has been looking over blankets in a store: "Well, I didn't mean to buy. Am just looking for a friend." Clerk, politely: "Don't think you'll find your friend among the blankets. We've looked 'em all through."

The Viscountess Folkestone's orchestra is the season's fashionable wonder in London. It is composed of 21 women and girls, among whom are four countesses, two viscountesses, and a marchioness. They play at aristocratic gatherings and to general audiences for charity.

Miss Fuller is a school teacher in Grand Marais, Northern Michigan. She is also an admirable shot with the rifle, and, after school hours, goes hunting in the neighboring woods. The family with whom she boards are kept well supplied with game, large and small. She is the admiration of the County, and all the young men are in love with her.

A White Mountain episode: Mrs. A., who is of a jealous turn, to Miss B., who is no longer in the heyday of youth—"Why, Miss B., was it you I saw talking so confidentially with my husband on the piazza this morning? I thought it was some young lady and began to be quite jealous, but I feel quite relieved to find it was only you." —*Boston Journal.*

Ladies' handkerchiefs are embroidered with mottoes suitable for the mood of the day, such as, "I am cross, don't speak to me;" "What a lovely day;" "I don't care for company," etc. The men will follow suit with such emblems as "I will pay you next week;" "Don't care if I do;" "Lend me a quarter;" "See you later," etc.

It's an ill wind, etc.: Two gentlemen were discussing the subject of the health of their neighbors across the way. "He seems to be a great sufferer during nine months out of the year," said one. "Yes," was the reply, "he is never well except during the hot months." "Rheumatic, probably, and the heat agrees with him." "No; his wife's out of Town."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Princess Amazula, daughter of the late King Cetewayo, resides at present in Providence, R. I. The Princess joined an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe at Cape Town, and thus she came to reach America. At present she earns an honest but modest livelihood by letting lodgings and doing washing and ironing for the surrounding white trash. On being informed of the tragic death of her royal father in South Africa the Princess Amazula manifested no very poignant grief, and will assume no other court mourning than that with which nature has provided her.

At a garden party recently given at Holly Lodge, England, by Lady Burdett-Coutts, there was a large assemblage of guests, and in one of the rooms her jewels were exhibited. Great interest and excitement were raised at the sight of the celebrated Indian diamond—a dazzling gem of the small value of $125,000, which shone out from its case of black velvet like the concentration of a thousand fires. There were a group of many smaller African diamonds sparkling in the most blinding fashion, and many others, also, in the rough form, so altogether that one small apartment must have contained the value of many a petty kingdom.

Before a London police court recently appeared a despondent husband and declared that his wife, Annie Lavinia Jane Caroline Cleg Le Cherminaut, was an unbearable person. Having previously procured a summons for her appearance to answer to the charge of opening their bedroom window at night, turning on the gas, stripping off the bedclothes, and assaulting her lord, he had now come into court a second time to announce that his polyglot spouse had cooked the summons and served it up hot on a plate for his dinner. This was an indignity to which Job himself had never been subjected, and he wanted redress. It is to be hoped that he got it.

Could some of the elegantly dressed women at the fashionable watering places hear conversations like the following, it might not increase the enjoyment of their diamonds and finery: "Do you see that lady in the white ottoman silk?" a correspondent was asked. "The one with a shapely figure?" he responded. "Yes, that's the one; but her shape always seems to me like a certain bottle of bitters, why? Because her father's fortune came from the manufacture of a constituent of cocktails. Over yonder, in dainty mull, is the wife of a face powder; going down the hallway are the two daughters of a cough syrup, and the swell who drove past a few minutes ago in a dog-cart tandem was the son of a pill."

Mrs. Bancroft, the actress, visited recently one of the most celebrated dentists in London, who seldom handles any but aristocratic jaws, to have her teeth examined and operated on. Knowing the weakness of the expert, she asked what his charge was, but he refused to say until he had completed what was but an inspection and some cleaning. This done, he said his charge was $250. The artiste protested, and offered $100, which, she said, was all the money she had with her. She added that she had brought so much because she was told the charge would be exorbitant, and provided herself with a sum expected to meet the highest figure. She declares that the fashionable dentist took the $100, and, clapping his back to the door, would not allow her to leave until she had signed a note for the rest. The case is to be heard in Court.

The London *Journal* says: "About this early American talk there is no gabble. These young women rising 16 speak as deliberately and naturally as Mr. Henry Irving, and without the mocking twinkle of having something in reserve which renders the talk of that eminent actor not unpleasantly irritating. English girls at the same age talk as it were with their hands behind them, as if to conceal a skipping-rope. The Yankee girl looks you straightly and serenely in the face—we never ourselves shirked the ordeal—and screels off an easy bobbin of conversation; you may act as 'piecer' if you please, but generally she does the 'piecin',' you have no satdown to talk to your companion as a child, and before the talk is over an interval of three years is supposed to have elapsed, and you say good afternoon to a self-possessed woman. Should anyone run away with the idea that all this is unnatural or precocious, he should be undeceived."

All over Dakota Territory you will find little shanties, writes a correspondent. In many of them stylish and pretty young ladies take up a night's lodging once every month or oftener. I have seen numbers of misses from the Eastern States who are out here "holding down" a quarter section. Others who live nearer, as in Iowa or Minnesota or Dakota, make monthly pilgrimages to their ranch, or, more likely, go once in two months and remain two nights, endure this sacrifice to their comfort and the shock to their nerves a few times, and become owners of valuable real estate. A Dakota girl that isn't holding down a claim or two is a curiosity. The only drawback to the Eastern girls is the fact that they must publicly declare that they are over 21 before they can file their application. A hundred and sixty acres of land, you know, is not much of an inducement to an Eastern girl for such an admission. But out here it is altogether different, for it only lasts six months, and at the end of that time the young ladies go right back to 18 and 20 again. Indeed, it is looked upon as really romantic, despite the fact that the wolves howl around at night and gophers play hide-and-seek through the shanties like rats.

When it was known that royalty was to be present at a charity fair in London, and that anyone would have a chance of buying a rose from the Princess of Wales, the response was overwhelming. The great success of the night was for the Princess of Wales. There was such a crush that for a time one could only catch a glimpse of the ladies who had been chosen to assist the Princess, in two large mirrors which hung in the booths at such an incline as to reflect the figures and faces that flitted before them. She wore an exquisite white costume. The short petticoat was a mass of lace and white silk, and the corsage glittered with beads. At the throat was a cherry-colored velvet ribbon sparkling with diamonds, and throwing into relief a diamond necklace. The feathery puffs of light brown hair were ornamented with diamond horseshoes. A correspondent says that no mob could possibly behave worse than this throng of fashionably attired people when it realized that the Princess was on duty, and would hand over a rose for anything from a half crown upward. She had to retire for a few minutes while gentlemen besought the people to be less demonstrative, and to fall into line.

Give Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts a fair trial, and if they please you, recommend them to your neighbors, if not, return them and have your money refunded, and denounce them as vile impositions. We have no fears of your not being satisfied as their popularity and extensive sale has been from their perfect purity and quality.

THAT WOMAN.

The Fortune that Mrs. Langtry Carries Back to England.

Philadelphia Press.

Thank heaven we are rid of Langtry. Not that that frightfully formed person was personally offensive, but she was so incessantly on parade and so unceasingly bepuffed and beslobbered in the newspapers, that in common with a vast majority of readers, I sickened at the sight of her name. She came, she saw and she conquered. What did we see?

A well-shaped head, violet eyes, a doll-face, an expanse of gums, a scrawny neck, no bust, knobby elbows, sinewy arms, tremendous hands, no legs and enormous feet. As a curiosity she was an attraction. Her stage performances amateurish, but profitable. With her domestic life, if any, the public has no concern, but with her ostentatious display and her breach of every recognized rule propriety, the public couldn't very well avoid having much to do, because she perpetually thrusts herself and her affairs before the general gaze.

Freddie paid dearly for his debasement. In one great jewelry store he spent $40,-000 in presents for her, one item being a $25,000 necklace. A day or two before she sailed he bought in the same establishment a $5,000 present. She made quite a number of purchases of the same time, one item being a $250 gold chain—for herself. As Mrs. Langtry publicly announced she was going home to her husband and other family friends, what position does this silly youth imagine he occupies? He cannot well be her suitor. He probably wouldn't care to be considered her valet, and she had a little black-and-tan before she come here.

She had done more to bring the stage into disrepute during her brief tarry here than any dozen professionals have done in a life time. She says she cleared $125,-000 by her playing—a good sum, for she certainly did no work—and she bagged at least $40,000 we know of in the guise of imperishable jewels from her admirers. Discounting a little for bounce, let us say she carries with her—to her husband—a net $100,000.

What is the suggestion made at once to 500 younger, prettier women now on the stage? Who is Mrs. Langtry? A married English woman. What is she? A woman made notorious by the public attention of the Prince of Wales. What induced her to go on the stage? The fact that managers, believing her notoriety to be a merchantable commodity, offered money to exhibit her alleged charms. How has she kept herself before the public? Ask Freddy. In other words she has made more money as the fruits of her disrepute than any 200 first-class actresses could make by their combined attractions in a year. Notoriety, supplemented by cast-iron gall and a brace of Freddies—this did the business. Thank heaven she is gone.

An English Beauty.

Lucy Hooper's Correspondence.

Keswick, in Cumberland, can boast of one charming possession in the shape of the prettiest woman in England. She is a barmaid at the Nelson Wine Vaults in that Town. She is reported to be as good and modest as she is beautiful. She has the gorgeous milk and roses complexion that is so rarely seen outside of England, united to splendid eyes, full dark and lustrous as those of a gazelle, pearly teeth, regular features, with rich dark hair growing low on the brow, and a figure whose fine outlines were not to be concealed by the cut of her country-made gown. She is simply dazzling, and how such a pearl of beauty has been left hidden in this quiet little Town is to me a marvel. She is well educated, I am told, paints in water colors, and is perfectly free from all traces of vanity or self-consciousness. Had she been born a Frenchwoman, she would ere this have dazzled the public in some mute role in one of the great spectacular pieces of the day. As it is she will probably follow the example of her elder sister, who was as beautiful as she, and who married a good, honest fellow in her own station of life, and is now a comfortable matron with a household of children. It is better so. The late Adelaide Neilson was once a barmaid, and no one would choose for the radiant beauty of Keswick a career like that of the fair and ill-fated actress.

The Origin of Blue Grass.

Breeders' Gazette.

The names Kentucky blue grass and June grass are indifferently applied to a variety of the poas. There is no authentic information that the grass was originally distributed from Kentucky. On the contrary, it seems to be a fact that the seeds were carried by the Kentucky cavalry of Gen Harrison, on their return to Kentucky, after the successful campaign against the Indians, in which their savage power was broken in the West. The grass was found growing in dense pastures in Central Indiana, furnishing forage for the horses after all other grass was killed, and undoubtedly contributed to the success of Harrison's campaign. It is, in fact, one of the most widely distributed of any of the natural grasses in the United States wherever calcareous, firm, sandy soils are found. From the fact that, as a rule, the soils of the West contain plenty of lime, it is one of the best grasses for cultivation in all soils not liable to heave, and is indigenous from Tennessee to Kentucky north. The old flat stalked poa takes its place, and is found growing with it in the North. This flat stalked poa is indigenous to lighter soils than Kentucky blue grass, or green meadow grass, as it is indifferently called.

Manual Labor School.

New York Tribune.

I saw last week a school of instruction in a portion of a vast

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for it to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents Department."

Mrs. E. J., Shelbyville: Write to Gen. P. S. Sevin, City Missionary, Toledo, O.

Subscriber, Sheldon, Ill.: Write to Willard B. Wells, American Consul, Dundee, Scotland.

M. K., Milville, N. Y.: 1. Is the Northern Pacific Railroad completed? 2. Who shall I write to for information concerning the State of Oregon?

1. It is expected to be completed by September 8. 2. S. H. Conlon, Salem, Oregon.

D. W. P., North Auburn, Neb.: I would like to know the best way to raise a colt by hand, what to feed it and how much.

Eggs, oats and bran are recommended as the best food for a colt. The quantity will depend on the appetite and strength of the animal.

D. N. C., Island Lake, Miss.: Who did Thomas Jefferson marry?

Martha Skelton, widow of Bathurst Skelton, and daughter of John Wayles. She was remarkable for the beauty of her person and the grace of her manners. She brought Jefferson 135 slaves and 40,000 acres of land.

C. E. F., Blairsville, Ga.: 1. I have in an old Spanish or Mexican coin, dated in 1774, about the denomination of a dime in our currency; is there any premium on such coins? 2. What is the circulation of the BLADE in Georgia? 3. Which is the highest mountain in Georgia?

1. Cannot say; some dealer in old coins might send it. 2. About 400. 3. Blue Ridge.

T. S., Muldrow, Mont.: 1. What is the size of the largest telescope, and what country has it? 2. Give the population of London, Eng., by last census. I saw it in the BLADE some years ago, but forget. Please oblige an old subscriber.

1. The Earl of Rosse, Parnestown, Ireland, has two six feet in diameter and about 54 feet focal length. We have seen it stated that a New gentleman has a larger one. 2. 3,832,441.

C. F., Tobbsport, Ind.: 1. Which state produces the most tobacco? 2. Which the next wheat? 3. What is the capital of Bolivia? 4. To what party did J. Q. Adams belong? 5. When did S. A. Douglas die?

1. Kentucky. 2. Illinois. 3. La Paz. 4. Republican; his competitors (Crawford, Jackson and Clay) were also known as Republicans. Crawford received the Congressional caucus nomination, and the other candidates were brought into the field through legislative and other machinery. This was the end of "King Caucus." 5. June 3, 1861.

I. W. H., Mechanicsville, Pa.: Please tell me what the composition is on matches.

The best composition for matches consists of phosphorus four parts, nitre two, fine glue six, red ochre, five, and small two parts. "Safety matches" are made, in which a part of the combustibles, as the phosphorus, are placed upon one surface, as a piece of sandpaper, while the other part, containing chlorate or nitrate of potash, is placed on the tip of the match.

F. H., Cherry Creek, Col.: Why are members of the Masonic fraternity called Free and Accepted Masons?

The Masons who were selected to build the Temple of Solomon were declared free, and were exempted, together with their descendants, from imposts, duties and taxes. They also had the privilege to bear arms. At the destruction of the Temple by Nebuchadnezzar, the posterity of these Masons were carried into the captivity with the ancient Jews. But the good will of Cyrus gave them permission to erect a second temple, having set them at liberty for that purpose. It is from this epoch they bear the name of Free and Accepted Masons.

J. S. N., Ivanhoe, Va.: 1. What is the greatest distance at which any sound has been heard? 2. Does the intensity of sound vary with the state of the air? 3. Why?

1. The cannonade of a sea-fight between the English and Dutch, in 1672, was heard across England in Wales, a distance of over 200 miles. The explosions of volcanoes among the Andes, in South America, are said to have been heard at a much greater distance than this. 2. Yes; sounds are louder when they come with the wind, and in a cold than in a warm day; also in a humid than in a dry state of the air, but they are obstructed by falling rain or snow.

R. B., Buffalo, Kans.: I would like to know if there is any land in Kansas or Nebraska that can be taken as homesteads. If so, who shall I enquire of for information?

Write to Register of the Land Office for the district in which you wish to locate. The offices in Kansas are at Topeka, Independence, Salina, Concordia, Kirwin, Larned and Wichita; in Nebraska, Norfolk, Lincoln, Grand Island, Beatrice, Niobrara, North Platte, and Bloomington.

F. W. S., Inka, Ill.: 1. What is the true source of the Mississippi River, if not Lake Itasca, as I am informed it is not? 2. Is the Territory of Alaska under the government of Washington Territory, and does it form a part of that Territory? 3. Who commanded the allied forces of the French and Indians at the battle of Ft. Duquesne?

1. Five creeks fall into Lake Itasca, the principal one of which has its origin about six miles distant, in a pond formed by water oozing from the bases of the hills known as Hauteurs de Terre, which are about 100 feet high. 2. No. 3. M. de Villiers.

F. H. G., Boogere, La.: How many acres are sown and how many pounds of rice produced in the United States in the census of 1880?

The census of 1880 makes the following report:

States.	Acres.	Pounds.
Alabama	1,579	810,889
Florida	2,535	1,294,677
Georgia	84,974	25,353,687
Louisiana	42,000	18,158,318
Mississippi	3,501	1,718,951
South Carolina	78,888	32,077,515
North Carolina	10,846	5,009,191
Texas	835	42,152
Total	174,173	110,131,373

H. M., Webster, W. Va.: 1. Will you give a recipe for making filler for walnut so it will varnish well? 2. Also a recipe for staining walnut stained to look like poplar.

1. For filling walnut wood there are many compounds in use, several of them under patents; that which dissolves the wood the least, and at the same time produces a fine finish, is the most simple of them all, being nothing but fine ryeflour mixed with boiled oil, Japan and turpentine ground fine in a paint mill, and slightly colored with burnt umber. 2. Boil one-half pound madder and two ounces logwood in one gallon water; then brush the wood well over with the hot liquid. When dry, go over the whole with a solution of two drachms pearlash in one quart water.

W. C. A., Bristol, Fla.: Where are the Nicobar Islands? Please give description.

They are a group of islands in the Indian Ocean, south of the Bay of Bengal. They constitute, with the Andamans, the extension of the great volcanic band of Sumatra and Java. In the south group Great Nicobar has an area of 1,038 square miles, and Little Nicobar 86 square miles. Camorta, Chowry and the other islands of the north group are all smaller. They are all covered with trees, and very fertile, yielding in abundance cocoanuts, oranges, sugar, tobacco and bamboos. The animals comprise scorpions, crocodiles, serpents, rats, pigs, dogs and cats. Mean annual temperature, 70°. The islands are exposed to hurricanes; the rainy season last for nine months, and the unusual phenomenon of frequent rain in the dry season (from December to February), renders them very unhealthy. Repeated attempts at colonization have failed, on account of the prevalence of fever. The group belongs to Great Britain, and the Italian Government has a penal colony at Nancowry. The natives are of Malay stock. Population about 6,000. The islands are called by the Malays Poolo Sambilong.—"Nine Islands."

L. A. J., Lake Gage, Ind.: Address A. J. Boot, Medina, O.

W. R. C., Osceola, Ia.: Write to Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York City. Their charge is $5.

A. B. B., Farmington, O.: Address either Gardner's Monthly and Horticulturist, Philadelphia, or Farmer and Fruit Grower, Anna, Ill.

J. E. N., Hattonio, O.: For the instruments, address N. H. Edgerton, 924 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.; for the book, address Lee & Shepard, Boston.

D. M. D., Barneveld, Wis.: When and by whom was the White House at Washington first occupied?

By Pres. Adams, in 1800.

G. W. S., Adamsville, O.: Please let me know the meaning of the word "Scapolio" on the Garfield picture.

The name of the engraver or painter.

Inquirer, Greenboro, Ind.: Can a man be a Christian, enjoy sanctification, and march in a Masonic procession, with his regalia on in company with such men as usually attend such places?

Yes.

L. B. L., Niles, Mich.: Why was the eagle chosen as our National emblem?

Because of a popular belief that it is a brave and magnanimous bird. The reputation is not very well deserved, it is true, but still the eagle is preferable to the buzzard or crow. Franklin protested against the eagle business, but his protest was not heeded.

D. F. J., Beaver Springs, Pa.: I would like to have the full vote of all the candidates for Governor of Pennsylvania at the last election.

Robert E. Pattison, Democrat, 355,791; James A. Beaver, Republican, 319,589; John Stewart, Independent Republican, 47,743; Thomas A. Armstrong, Labor, 23,484; Alfred C. Pettit, Temperance, 5,156. For Congressmen, 15 Republicans, 10 Democrats, one Greenback-Republican and one Greenback Democrat were elected. In the Legislature the Republicans have 118 and the Democrats 133 members—the Republicans having control of the Senate and the Democrats of the House.

A. G. J., Delton, Ind.: 1. Tell how to prepare a mixture for writing on steel. 2. How to restore the power of horseshoe magnets.

1. Sulphate of copper, one ounce; sal-ammoniac, one-half ounce; pulverize separately, adding a little vermillion to color it, and mix with 1½ ounces vinegar. Rub the steel with soft soap and write with a clean hard pen, without a slit, dipped in the mixture. 2. Place the poles of the magnet to be charged against the poles of another, making opposite poles meet. Then draw a piece of soft iron, placed at right angles upon the magnet to be charged, from the poles to the bend. Do this a number of times on each side of the magnet. If the magnet is of good steel, this produces a maximum power.

L. J., Aurora, Ill.: Please inform through answers to correspondents how many States held general elections in 1882, and with what results.

Twenty-seven States held general elections in 1882, and all the States elected members of Congress. Previous to that the Republicans had 20 Governors and 21 Legislatures; the Democrats 18 Governors and 17 Legislatures. Now the Democrats have 26 Governors and 21 Legislatures, the Republicans 12 Governors and 17 Legislatures. In the 47th Congress the Republicans had 151 members and the Democrats 120. In the 48th Congress the Democrats will have 194 and the Republicans 130. The "results" were rather disastrous to the Republicans, but '84 will not put all things right.

L. E. S., Beloit, Kan.: 1. Name all the Governors of Kansas in the order of their election. 2. How many Judges of the Supreme Court were there at the beginning of Washington's administration? When were they increased to the present number?

1. Territorial—A. H. Reeder, John L. Lawson (declined), Wilson Shannon, John W. Geary, R. J. Walker, J. W. Denver, F. P. Stanton; State—Charles Robinson, Thomas Carney, S. J. Crawford, J. M. Harvey, T. A. Osborn, G. T. Anthony, J. P. St. John, G. W. Glick. 2. The Supreme Court, at its first session in 1790, consisted of a Chief Justice and five Associates. The number of Associate Justices was increased to six in 1807 by the appointment of Thomas Todd; increased to eight in 1837 by the appointment of John Catron and John McKinly; increased to nine in 1863 by the appointment of Stephen J. Field; decreased to eight on the death of John Catron in 1865; decreased to seven on the death of James M. Wayne in 1867; increased to eight in 1870.

R. D. S., Chicago, Ill.: 1. Will you please give a recipe for making purple ink? 2. Who was Governor-General of Canada in 1871? 3. About how old is Ben Butler, Col. Ingersoll and Pres. Arthur? 4. Do any of those who take the BLADE persons like the BLADE? If they do, which ones? 5. How is whisky made?

1. Infuse 12 pounds campeachy logwood in 12 gallons water; provide a funnel, at the bottom of which a sponge has been placed; pour the infusion through a strainer made of coarse flannel into the funnel, and thence on to one pound bi-chromate or acetate of copper (verdigris); then add immediately 14 pounds alum; and for each 17 gallons of the liquid add four pounds gum-arabic or senegal; let these remain three or four days and a beautiful purple will be produced. 2. Dufferin. 3. Butler was born in 1818, Ingersoll in 1831, Arthur in 1830. 4. They all read the BLADE. 5. By the distillation of grain, potatoes or roots. Scotch and Irish whisky is made from malt, and it is sometimes made from the same material in the United States, though more often from rye, corn, wheat and potatoes. It would require too much space to describe the process in detail.

F. C. D., Clay Bank, Mich.: Nearly every campaign I see in the papers something about his "father being under the hay," but have never seen any explanation of the matter. Will you elucidate?

When the Democrats gained control of New Hampshire, after Jefferson's inauguration, they proceeded, without regard to civil service reform, to turn out all officers of the defeated party. The Supreme Court was composed of Federalists, appointed for life or during good behavior, and the only way to get at them was to abolish the Supreme Court and establish a Superior Court. This created great excitement. Indignation meetings were held, and the Legislature denounced in unmeasured terms. One of the most vehement speakers was the son of one of the deposed Judges. A teamster after listening to one of his tirades, addressed the young orator as follows: "My friend, your case reminds me of one I fell in with the other day. Coming to the foot of the hill, I saw there a load of hay upset, and a boy standing beside it crying. I told him not to cry, but to turn in, I would help him, and we would soon have the hay on the cart again. 'Oh, it isn't the hay,' said the boy, crying louder than ever; 'I care nothing for the hay, but father is under the load!'"

S. M. L., Fairfield, Neb.: Please give report of the greatest number of pounds of butter made from one cow in a given number of weeks or months.

Following is the record of "Lady Milton," owned by J. C. Converse, of Arlington, Mass.: First week of June, 15 pounds; first week of July, 18; first week of August, 16; first week of September, 15. A cow belonging to Wm. Birnie, of Springfield; Mass., gave in April, after calving on the 25th of March, 1,127 pounds of milk; in May, 934 pounds, in June, 1,025 pounds; in July, 972 pounds; in August, 912 pounds; a total in five months of 4,733 pounds, on pasture feed or green hay and cornstalks. The first Ayrshire cow imported by the Massachusetts Society in 1837 yielded milk from which was made 16 pounds of butter a week several weeks in succession, on grass feed alone. The cow "Jean Armour," owned by H. H. Peters, of Massachusetts, yielded from June 1st to September 23, a period of 114 days, 5,612½ pounds of milk. Her milk was set for three days in July, and six pounds and three ounces of butter made from it. Larger yields have been recorded, but we have not the figures at hand.

F. M., Rochester, Iowa.: 1. Give me a simple, easy method for bleaching straw? 2. Please tell me how to fasten shells on cloth and wood? 3. When was the first patent medicine almanac printed, and by whom?

1. For bleaching straw it is best to soak the goods in caustic soda, and afterwards to make use of chloride of lime or Javelle water. This is best made by passing gaseous chlorine into a solution of one part of carbonate of potash in 10 parts of water, until the gas ceases to be absorbed. It may also be made by adding a solution of carbonate of potash to a solution of chloride of lime, with agitation as long as a precipitate forms; the liquid being afterwards decanted or filtered. To bleach straw bonnets: Get a deep box, air tight, if possible; place at the bottom a stone, on the stone a flat piece of iron red hot or a pan of charcoal, on which scatter powdered brimstone; close the lid, and let the bonnets remain a night. There should be hooks on the box, on which to hang the bonnets. 2. Intimately mix the best powdered rice with a little cold water, then gradually add boiling water until a proper consistence is acquired, being particularly careful to keep it well stirred all the time; lastly, it must be boiled for one minute in a clean saucepan or earthen pipkin. 3. Medical almanacs are an outgrowth of the present century, but we do not know who is entitled to the honor of printing the first one.

G. B. C., Grand Rapids, D. T.: 1. Was Horace Greely at any time a Cabinet officer? 2. Did he occupy any high official posi-

pay, nor for glory, but for the love o
or to satisfy their thirst for reve
They wore no uniform, but each
dressed as he came from his ranche,
rying his own rifle, and riding his
grass-fed mustang. They carried
baggage but their blankets and bull
and no rations but a little coffee and t
tack, expecting to kill game for foo
they went. This motley and despe
gang of men was probably the most
midable body for its size that the red
ever encountered, as they subsequ
discovered. Not one among the 50 k
the definition of fear, and what woul
hardship and exposure to other men
luxury to them.

To command this company requ
genius as well as nerve, courage and
durance. It must be a man who wo
receive their respect and enforce dis
line. George A. Forsythe, an *aide
camp* to Gen. Sheridan, was selected
possessing, above all others, the necess
qualifications. At the outbreak of
rebellion Forsythe was a clerk in
dry goods house of John V. Farwell
Co., at Chicago. He was one of the fi
men to enlist, and was twice rejected
cause of his age and slight physiqu
being but a mere stripling. But pers
tence got him into the army, and coura
and military skill secured his promoti
until he finally attracted the attention
Gen. Sheridan who gave him a place
his staff, and kept him there until 18
when Forsythe was called to the co
mand of the Fourth Cavalry, Fort Cu
mings, N. M.

Besides this company of frontiersm
Sheridan had the famous Seventh C
alry, under Gen. Custer, the Fifth a
Third Regiments of Infantry, and a
talion of Pawnee and Osage Indian scou
thirsting for the blood of the Cheyenn
Kiowas and Arapahoes, their ancie
enemies.

Forsythe's scouts were called it
action before the command was ready
move. A Government wagon train
boldly raided and captured by the India
in the very vicinity of the Fort, a
Forsythe started out to intercept th
retreat. He followed their trail close
and the second night out bivouaced o
little island of sand, in what is known
the Arrikarree fork of the Republic
river. The scouts were exhausted a
slept like logs on the ground, but
first man who awoke next morn
shouted:

"Great God! General, look at
Injuns."

And well might he be astonished,
during the night the camp had been
tirely surrounded by thousands of
ages. The odds were about 50 to one,
the little band never quailed for an
stant. They did not know exactly h
they were going to get out of the scra
but they did not propose to be scar
The Indians leisurely observed what t
believed was to be easy prey; but
scouts lost no time. They dug rifle
in the sand with their hands and kni
and tin coffee cups, ate a comforta
breakfast—the last one they were to ha
for some time—and calmly awaited
attack. It was not long in coming,
down from the tops of the low hills t
surrounded the little valley, under
command of the famous chief, Ro
Nose, came, like an avalanche of demo
thousands of hideously-painted savag
in all the glory of their barbarous ado
ment, shouting their diabolical war cri
It was a charge that made the very ea
tremble. Nothing to equal it was e
seen by a white's man eye. The sco
were lying flat on the sand, with th
trusty rifles at their shoulders.

"Keep cool, boys," was Forsyth
quiet command, "wait till they get to
river bank, and then every fellow p
out his man; but don't waste a bull
we'll need all we've got before we get
o' this."

The avalanche was met by a shower
lead. Forsythe's injunction was observe
and not a bullet was wasted. Fif
plumed warriors fell under the feet
their ponies, and the column staggere
A second volley from the repeating rif
of the scouts mowed down anoth
swathe of savages; and a third sent the
scattering back again to the hills, leavi
long rows of dead and wounded.

The scouts, too, fared badly. Most
their horses, which had been picketed
the island were killed; Lieut. Beecher,
nephew of the great Brooklyn preache
and Forsythe's second in command, w
mortally hurt, four of the scouts wh
killed, and several were badly wounde
Forsythe himself discovered a bullet
his thigh, but there was no one to dre
his wound, as his surgeon, Dr. Mover
lay dead on the sand, with his rifle in
hand and his finger on the trigger.

The bodies of the dead horses we
drawn around in a circle for breast-wor
just in time to receive a second char
quite as terrific as the first. The scou
reserved their fire until the Indians w
close upon them, and then poured volle
after volley into their ranks until the
fell back broken, demoralized and di
mayed. For four days these attacks we
kept up, and each time were repulse
with heavy slaughter among the Indian
and more or less casualties among th
scouts. Forsythe had plenty of ammu
tion, and could secure water when it
wanted by digging in the sand, but
had no food, no opportunity to rest
sleep, and the putrid carcasses of th
dead horses made such a stench that t
very air was poisoned. Nearly half
the little beleaguered band were disable
either by death or wounds, and the I
dians saw, as they themselves realize
that death or surrender was merely
matter of time. The brave men had the

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The Sunday School.

Gideon's Army.

LESSON 9, SUNDAY, AUGUST 26, 1883.

Golden Text.—The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.—Judges 7: 20.

LESSON TEXT.

Judges 7: 1-8.

1. Then Jerubbaal, who is Gideon, and the people who were with him, rose up early, and pitched beside the well of Herod, so that the host of the Midianites were on the north side of them, by the hill of Moreh in the valley.

2. And the Lord said unto Gideon, the people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hands, lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, Mine own hand hath save.

3. Now therefore, go to, proclaim in the ears of the people, saying, Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead. And there returned of the people twenty and two thousand, and there remained ten thousand.

4. And the Lord said unto Gideon, The people are yet too many; bring them down into the water, and I will try them for thee there, and it shall be, that of whom I say unto thee, This shall go with thee, the same shall go with thee; and of whomsoever I say unto thee, This shall not go with thee, the same shall not go.

5. So he brought down the people unto the water, and the Lord said unto Gideon, every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink.

6. And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men; but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water.

7. And the Lord said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand; and let all the other people go every man unto his place.

8. So the people took victuals in their hand, and their trumpets, and he sent all the rest of Israel every man unto his tent, and retained those three hundred men, and the host of Midian was beneath him in the valley.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

In this lesson we have a hint of:

THE WORKERS WHOM GOD CHOOSES.

I. The Few, Rather than the Many, (vs 1, 2.)

II. The Trustful, Rather than the Doubters (v 3.)

III. Those Who Stand their Testing (vs 4-8.)

I. GOD CHOOSES THE FEW, RATHER THAN THE MANY.

The Lord said unto Gideon, The people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hands, lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, Mine own hand hath saved me (v. 2.) The Lord can save by many or by few, but commonly chooses to save by the few. God is not, as a rule, on the side of the heaviest battalions, as men judge the weight and force of material. In the long run, it is minorities that rule; or rather it is God and one man, or God and few men, who make the winning majority. It is the little band of disciples in the upper chamber who are set to bring the whole opposing world to Christ. It is the handful of reformers who marray themselves against great iniquities, who have the surest chances of success. The last thing in the world to think of is the numbers who happen to be on our side of a new movement for the right. "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty;" for his strength is made perfect—is brought out in its completeness—in weakness. To those who recognize this truth, there is certain comfort of hope in finding one's self on the unpopular side any more or political struggle for the mastery. What if everybody does seem to take the wrong side of those questions which involve honesty in trade, or finance; fairness of dealing with the different races who have come among us, or among whom we came? What if the conflict with rum-rule and ring rule, and official corruption, and lawlessness, seems to be against us always-sure to triumph? The fact that the right side has the few rather than the many, is a sign for encouragement instead of dismay. "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

II. GOD CHOOSES THE TRUSTFUL, RATHER THAN THE DOUBTERS.

Whoever is fearful and afraid, let him depart early (v. 3.) The man who doesn't expect to succeed, not only is unlikely to succeed himself, but he is liable to keep others from succeeding. The earlier he gets out from the lead and goes to the rear, the better for all concerned. One man of faith is worth a thousand men of doubt, and two are worth ten thousand when it comes to the chasing and the putting-to-flight business. One ruddy faced stripling with a sling and stones and a faith-filled heart, is a stronger force against the army of Philistines, than that youth's three big brothers, and the "captain of their thousand," and all the other captains, and all the other thousands, with their coats of mail, and their helmets of brass, and their swords and their shields, and their banners and trumpets, and their chattering teeth, and their knocking knees, and their sore dismay, and their great fear, in the presence of one burly and bragging giant of Gath. And if David's brothers are afraid themselves, about the issue of a fight with Goliah, it is better for them to go back from the front, and eat parched corn and cheese, instead of keeping on the battle line with their sneers at their little brother, who—as they look at it—doesn't know enough to have any doubts and fears. This is a truth for the teachers to bring preachers to mind. If they know so much that they must be full of their fears and doubtings, they ought to know enough to stand back from the front and let those who believe something go ahead and show their faith by their works. The power of Gideon's band, or of any other host of Jehovah, is not in its numbers, nor yet in the knowledge and skill of its members, but it is in the confident trust of every person belonging to it, in the cause for which he stands and in the Commander who leads him. If you have faith, you have power. If you lack faith, you so far lack power. "Have faith" is the command to every servant of Christ. "According to your faith be it unto you," is the assurance which accompanies this command.

III. GOD CHOOSES THOSE WHO STAND THEIR TESTING.

Bring them down unto the water, and I will try them for thee there; and it shall be that of whom I say unto thee, This shall go with thee, the same shall go (v. 4.) Every woman is brought to a test in one way or another, before he is used in God's service. God tested Abraham, when he asked him if he would render his son Isaac. God tested Job when he permitted him to be stripped of everything that had made life enjoyable until then. God tested Joseph in slavery, in favor, and in imprisonment. And men are commonly tested without knowing that now is their testing time. Gideon's men were not told beforehand how the choice of good men was to be made for that campaign. They were simply watched in their ordinary way of doing a simple every day performance. That, after all, is the best testing-measure for almost everybody. What we drink, and how we drink, does a good way towards showing what sort of men we are, and how much we would be worth in God's service. The way in which children play, and in which other people trade, and talk, and walk, and worship, tests them each and all, in the same manner. Often the r life-course is settled by as simple a testing as the drinking test of Gideon. And there is a reason for this. A single specimen of the fruit of a tree is as good as bushel-basketful, to show what is the nature of the tree. "By their fruits ye shall know them." "Can the fig-tree, my brethren, bear olive-berries? either a vine figs?" It is the little things that are the surest test of character; and it is character that God looks for. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he which is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

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THE MIMIC STAGE.

Impossible eyes and impossible hair,
And impossible play of expression,
And at least an improbable gesture and air,
And extravagant boots *a la* Hessian;
Long feathers and hats of the Corsican type,
And brigandish beards and moustaches;
Young ladies with eyes that that they frequently wipe,
And exceedingly dark-colored lashes—
These are essentials, and 't is on this plan
Melodrama is viewed by the property man.

A sudden temptation and falling from grace
Of the heir to a very large fortune;
A rascally uncle who seizes the place
And cuts the youth out of his portion;
A beauteous young lady who falls in a pond
And in love with the youth (who instructs her,)
A truculent villain, who also is fond
Of the maiden, and therefore abducts her;
Pursuit by the youth and escape by the maid;
A duel—result long uncertain;
The villain is killed, lover puts up his blade,
Gets married, ousts uncle, and—curtain.
This is all that is needful, as authors confess,
To make melodrama a perfect success.

Parts long and heavy and tediously dull;
Star taking all situations;
Manager worried and made as a bull;
Snubs that would try Job's own patience;
Lady-like temper and tears every day;
Gentlemen sulks universal;
Every evening the devil to pay,
Every morning, rehearsal—
This is the aspect—for I've heard them say it—
Melodrama assumes to the actors that play it.
—*The Judge.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

A Good Thing.

DR. ADAM MILLER, Chicago, Ill., says: "I have recommended Horsford's Acid Phosphate to my patients, and have received very favorable reports. It is one of the very few really valuable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a practice of thirty-five years I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."

The Impossibility of Building Two Boats of the Same Speed.

Utica Observer.

"There is something beyond calculation in the speed of yachts," said one of John Roach's experts. "Two boats may be built simultaneously from the same model, with every effort to make them precise duplicates as to shape and machinery, and yet one will prove faster than the other, Why this is so no man can tell. The steamer "Mary Powell" has for 15 years been the swiftest on the Hudson River. During all that time she has never been beaten. Time and again an exact counterpart has been built, with everything copied to a hair, as nearly as the best mechanics and facilities could do it; but none of these have turned out as good as the original. As the reputation of unrivaled speediness is a valuable advertisement for a passenger boat, you can see the object of trying to build a second "Mary Powell." Experience has been the same with yachtsmen. They order copies of the swiftest craft, or combine the supposed good points of several, and nine times out of ten are disappointed in the result."

WADLEY, GA.—Dr. B. R. Doyle says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters superior as a tonic to any preparation now in use."

THINK OF IT NOW!

Although much is said about the importance of a blood-purifying medicine, it may be possible that the subject has never seriously claimed your attention. *Think of it now!*

Almost every person has some form of scrofulous poison latent in his veins. When this develops in **Scrofulous Sores, Ulcers, or Eruptions,** or in the form of **Rheumatism, or Organic Diseases,** the suffering that ensues is terrible. Hence the gratitude of those who discover, as thousands yearly do, that

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

will thoroughly eradicate this evil from the system.

As well expect life without air as health without pure blood. Cleanse the blood with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

There is Room at the Top

For all who start right in life. Large Salaries and Permanent Positions are always open to Young Men and Women who can write

SHORT HAND.

A new way has been discovered whereby you may become an EXPERT in two or three months, without a teacher. Expense almost nothing. Send, on a postal card, your full address to

LEE & SHEPARD,

47 Franklin St., Boston, and receive full particulars in return, gratis.

☞ Be sure to mention this paper.

CARDS.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on, 10c. 13 pk $1. Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum, Ct.

50 Handsomest Chromo Cards ever sold, all new, no 2 alike, name on, 10c. Potter & Co., Montowese, Ct.

40 New Imported design Chromo Cards, 10c. Quantity not quantity. 15 packs and Agent's Sample Album, only $1. FRED. L. JONES, Nassau, N. Y.

40 Imported design Chromo Cards for 1884, name on, 10c. Quality, not quantity. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. JONES & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

50 Never proceeded. Always please. Try them. Name on, 10c. Ætna Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

50 Beautiful imported Chromo Cards, no 2 alike. New and elegant designs, gold and silver. Name in Fancy script Type, only 10c., with illustrated premium and price list. Snow & Co., Meriden, Ct.

50 Elegant Hand Bouquet, Pond Lily, Horseshoe and Lily of the Valley, etc., cards, name on, 10c. Sample book free with $1 order. Star Card Co., Clintonville, Ct.

40 Large size, all Gold and Silver Motto Cards, with name and this Beautiful Rolled Gold Seal Ring for only 50 cts. Agents Album, 25 cts. We will send our Cards to be the Best Ever Sold. ALLING BROTHERS, Northford, Conn.

50 Satin Enamel Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. Latest imported designs. 11 packs and this elegant Ring for a trifle. Agent's Outfit, 25c. Fine Album with large sample book, 25c. F. W. Austin, New Haven, Ct.

50 Beautiful, Imported Chromo Cards, with name, 10c. Finest type, 10c. This pack includes all the latest, best and most popular styles ever issued. Agent's Sample Book and Gold Seal Ring, for 25c. Get fold your friends to send with you, and this gem of a Ring, a solid gold ring, free. Simply address gold ring, free. Simply address ROYAL CARD CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

ASTHMA.

Unquestionably Hair's Asthma Cure has decided claims upon asthmatics. There is ample positive proof that the most stubborn and pronounced incurable cases are radically cured. This is verified by published testimonials.

REV. R. L. KEYON, Hubbard, Iowa, writes April, 1881: "I am now fifty years of age. I had the Asthma since I was six months old. By the advice of kind friends who knew the merit of your Cure, I was induced to try it, with the following result. Five bottles of wondrous relief. Have gained EIGHT POUNDS AND MY HEALTH IS GREATLY IMPROVED."

THOMAS ELWOOD, Princeville, Ill., writes, March 17, 1883: "I used your Asthma Cure two years ago with excellent results. I have never been troubled with Asthma since. It is an infallible remedy.

Send for Dr. Hair's Treatise on Asthma. Your correspondence solicited.

DR. R. W. HAIR & SON, Cincinnati, O.

(Name this paper.)

50 Years.

I have known and watched the use of Swift's Specific for over 50 years, and have never known or heard of a failure to cure Blood Poison, when properly taken. I used it on my servants from 1850 to 1855, as did also a number of my neighbors, and in every case that came within my knowledge it effected a cure. In all my life I have never known a remedy that would so fully accomplish what it is recommended to do.

H. L. DENNARD, Perry, Ga.

I have known and used Swift's Specific more than 20 years, and have seen more wonderful results from its use than from any remedy in or out of the Pharmacopœia. It is a certain and safe antidote to all sorts of Blood Poison.

J. DICKSON SMITH, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

THE GREAT DRUG HOUSE OF CHICAGO.

We do not hesitate to say that for a year past we have sold more of Swift's Specific—S. S. S.—than all other Blood Purifiers combined, and with most astonishing results. One gentleman who used half a dozen bottles of S. S. S. has done him more good than treatment which cost him $1,000. Another who had used it for a Scrofulous affection reports a permanent cure from that cause.

VAN SHAACK, STEVENSON & CO

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, August 16, 1883.

☞ Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

LARGEST AND BEST WEEKLY PUBLISHED.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 104,000.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 104,000.

Last week we printed and deposited in the Postoffice 104,000 WEEKLY BLADES, addressed to *bona fide* subscribers, all of whom had paid for it. These figures represent the actual circulation of the largest, CHEAPEST and BEST paper on the globe. This week we go to press with 106,000 names on our lists, which is the largest circulation of any paper of its class on earth. There is only one reason for it. The BLADE is a paper made for the people, a paper which is not only entertaining but useful; useful in its entertaining features and entertaining in its useful features. We shall make it better and better every week.

NEW FEATURES.

Within a few weeks we shall commence another story from the pen of ERNEST WARREN, esq., of London, the celebrated English novelist. Our readers who were treated to "Throne and Scaffold," need not be assured that it will be not only a delightful story to read, but valuable as a historical study. Mr. WARREN is the first living English novelist, and the BLADE counts itself fortunate in securing another work from his pen.

In addition to this we shall commence at about the same time the life of an English nobleman resident in Hungary, a baron of the Austrian Empire, who spent the early part of his life in the English service, in India, and his later days in the Austrian service. It will be a narrative of great interest, and will be one of the most attractive features of the BLADE during its continuance.

We have other features to announce in due time.

THEY say that Irish-American boys make the best telegraphers.

Puck illuminates a dark subject by stating that the "Light of Asia" is a Japanese lantern.

IT is stated that the Boston firms brought down by SHAW'S failure will pay about 20 cents on the dollar.

THE New York *Tribune* breaks the news gently that Evangelist MOODY is very fond of driving a fast horse.

THE Maine men want Lake Moschicmaguntic jockhahmakantajus to become a big Summer resort, but it never will.

THE Parnell fund has reached $100,000. If the Pope would issue another circular, the amount could be easily doubled.

FEEJEEAN medical men have their hands full just now. Yellow fever, smallpox and cholera are prevailing all over the islands.

SEND us the names of your friends for specimens, which will be sent free to any address. The BLADE at $1 a year, post-paid, is the cheapest, as well as largest and best paper in the world, and an examination of it invariably secures a subscriber.

IT is very amusing to see those two beery rogues—JERRY BLACK and JEFF DAVIS—fall out and call each other hard names. One was a Boss Copperhead and the other the Boss Rebel during the war, and were meaner than they now make out each other to be.

A MEMBER of Parliament is making things hot for the "missionary sent by the London Missionary Board," especially the variety found in Madagascar. He charges that they, while spreading the gospel, accumulate lucre by doing a thriving business in Lancashire cottons and English whiskys.

THE Southwestern Iowa and Northwestern Missouri Veteran Association will hold its annual reunion at Maryville, Mo., Sept. 25, 26 and 27, and the "Boys in Gray" are earnestly invited to unite with the Boys in Blue on that occasion. Muster roles will be furnished on application to S. R. ROWLEY, Maryville, Mo.

ATTENTION is called to our announcement of "A Golden Opportunity" in another column. We are giving the BLADE to agents for three months at so low a price that it is a very easy matter to raise clubs of 20, 50, and even 100, in a few hours. Indeed this is just what our agents are now doing everywhere. Any person who wishes to canvass for a few hours at a profit to themselves, may become our agent. Simply drop us a postal card asking terms, and we will advise you the special price, which is so surprisingly low that you can easily take at the rate of 20 subscribers in an hour. Try it.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE business situation still continues disturbed. The stock panic which we thought would come last Spring was staved off until now. It was bound to come. Cheap and abundant money brought about the usual results: men have been going headlong into all manner of enterprises. Railroads have been built most recklessly, credits extended in merchandizing beyond all business prudence, and speculation has run rife. This extravagance and the untoward Summer has precipitated trouble upon those who have so rashly ventured beyond their depth. The extensive leather failures in Massachusetts have been followed by the suspensions of several banks, and prominent individuals. All these are directly traceable to speculation, to attempting to carry newly-built railroads, or some other unbusiness like venture.

THIS is only a temporary and local perturbation, and will soon clear away. It will have the good effect of cautioning the business world to sail a little closer according to charts and rules. In a week or two confidence will be restored, and as the crops begin to flow into Chicago, Toledo, and St. Louis, all the wheels of business will begin to hum again.

WILLIAM H. ENGLISH is accused of playing one of his old games in connection with the First National Bank of Indianapolis. It is said he brought about the embarrassment of the concern by securing the withdrawal of $600,000 of State Treasury money. Then he stepped in at the head of a syndicate and induced the bank to take 50 cents on the dollar for everything; and now, it is reported, the State will deposit its money with the bank. Thus the gentlemen who assisted Mr. DORSEY during the last Presidential campaign in Indiana will make a snug fortune out of one day's sharp practice. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH is one of those pure minded Democrats who believe that the Republican party should be turned out because it isn't strictly honest.

THE situation in the telegraphic strike remains practically unchanged, with both sides remaining firm, and insisting upon their ability to do so for an indefinite time yet. The solidarity of the strikers is certainly remarkable.

POLITICAL matters are getting livelier. The Republicans of Ohio believe they are gaining ground daily. Capt. FORAKER, their candidate for Governor, makes an admirable impression wherever he goes, in which respect Judge HOADLY has been rather unfortunate. Besides, the Republican position on the Scott law is gaining the party approbation and friends from all sides. The Democratic majority in Kentucky was only 37,000, showing a decided falling off from former years. In Iowa the Republicans have opened the campaign in magnificent style, and promise to carry it on with enthusiasm.

THE Annamese have re-occupied the position which the French gained by their sortie from Namdinh and afterward abandoned. The Mandarins at Hue, capital of Annam, refuse to recognize PHUDAC, nominated as successor of King TUDUC, and have proclaimed VIANLAN King.

MADAGASCAR affairs have not changed materially. The French charge that the Hovas are trying to fire Tamatave. The latter seem to be demoralized and though they still surround the Town, have made no fresh attacks since July 15. Six hundred French troops have been ordered to Tamatiave to prevent the investment of the Town on the land side. Admiral PIERRE is said to have made application to be relieved on account of ill-health.

IN the Feejee Islands cholera, measles and small-pox are prevailing. Quarantine is enforced against all vessels from the Islands at Melbourne.

AUSTRALIA remains firm in her determination to annex New Guinea.

NEW ZEALAND wants the Navigator Islands, where our Government has established a coaling station. The King of the Maoris has ordered a cessation of all surveys through his territory, and trouble is anticipated.

ANTI-SEMITIC riots have been occurring in Russia and Hungary, in most of which the rioters were driven off by police and soldiery with some bloodshed. Very few, if any, Jews were injured.

THE Egyptian cholera still continues its ravages, but though it increases in Alexandria it is thought to be abating in the country generally. There is an unconfirmed report that a sort of carbuncular plague has broken out at Damietta. The natives raised a riot in Alexandria on the 10th from an idea that the Christian doctors were poisoning them. It was easily quelled

ENGLISH political leaders declare that no protectorate will be established over Egypt. There is a scheme for "assisting" 200,000 poor Irish emigrants to settle along the Canadian Pacific.

THE principal Spanish rebellion was easily crushed, but a number of smaller ones are in progress in various parts of of the country.

HAYTI seems on the eve of another general overturning. The Revolutionists have possession of the southern half of the Republic, and the northern is said to be in sympathy with them.

ON the Black Sea it is found that a gang of men has been for some years cooperating with the pilots to wreck and plunder vessels. The losses are said to have reached an enormous aggregate.

THE wire cable for the cars which are to run over the great Brooklyn bridge was made too long and had to be shortened and then spliced, the latter being a delicate and difficult job, as the slightest swelling might produce an accident and the trustees want no more Bridge horrors. Though there were several New York men who could do the work it was thought best to be on the safe side, and the best splicer in the world, a Californian, was brought to New York to do it. He has accomplished his task, producing a splice 60 feet long and of exactly the same diameter as the rest of the cable.

THE *Merchant Traveler* says that if the style in bathing costumes continues to progress as it now is doing, it will be but a few seasons until the equatorial bathing suits will be all the rage. The equatorial consists of an imaginary line drawn around the middle.

DORSEY'S HOT-WEATHER STORIES.

This is the season for what is known among journalists as "hot-weather stories." Midsummer is always the dullest time of the year for legitimate news. With farmers putting in from 12 to 15 hours a day in the fields, and with politicians, preachers, business men, office-holders, railroad stock-jobbers and society people at the watering-places or in the mountains, there is no news made, except the perennial murders and the every-day fires. It is then that journalists make drafts on their imagination to give their columns the spice and variety they should have. It is then that we begin to hear of marvelous fish and astounding snake stories; the sea serpent flourishes, wonderful caves are discovered, pre-historic skeletons accompanied by coins and weapons such as the oldest antiquarians never dreamed of, are found, meat showers fall in Kentucky, women give birth to unheard of combinations of human and beastly forms, hens raise litters of kittens, and cats hatch out broods of chickens, legitimate heirs to European thrones turn up all over the country, and so on, to the widest limits of the journalistic imagination. This sort of thing continues until the September breezes bring the makers of genuine news back to their usual vocations, and the discoveries of "astonishing freaks of nature," etc., cease as suddenly as they began. None of the habitual readers of newspapers seem to have ever noticed the fact that double-headed calves, and four-legged roosters, etc., are never discovered in the Fall or Spring months.

Journalists, like everybody else, improve by practice, and this season's hot weather fictions show more ingenious and artistic lying than we have ever known before. Very few of the old-time-worn lies were reproduced, their places being supplied by new and very well constructed falsehoods. Thus we had the exciting and very realistic account of the man's fight with the "Vampire Tree," which was an admirably-constructed bit of fiction. Then there was the "Screw-Worm" story, which told with circumstance and detail how worms constructed on the screw or gimlet principle, bored into men and cattle, and drained the life out of them. This was followed a little too speedily by another story of a bird that had a screw-driver attachment to its bill, and made it the business of its life to unscrew these worms from the place where they had fixed themselves, and devour them. An ably-constructed lie, which showed the writer to be a gentleman of fine scientific attainments, detailed how a sea-captain and brought away from an Aleutian island a boulder, which, on examination, was found to be a shell, filled with true protoplasm, of marvelous virtues in developing life to its greatest intensity and sustaining the same.

Mr. S. W. DORSEY has done much this season to aid in the work of constructing exciting fictitious literature, to bridge over the dull season, by his marvelous stories of himself and what he did in the campaign of 1880.

Aided by well trained journalists his fictions have the *vraisemlitude* necessary in this class of inventions, and his "statements" have only imposed upon the credulity of that class of intellect that usually accept the sea-serpent stories for truth. It was fair-to-good, light Midsummer reading, which amused many, and deceived very few.

The latest effort of Mr. DORSEY in this line of hot-weather sensations is to announce that Mr. CONKLING could have been nominated at Chicago by "merely turning his hand," but he was restrained by his great loyalty to GRANT from accepting the highly-coveted honor.

None but unthinking persons will pay any more attention to this than they do to chickens which have fur like cats and catch mice, or of pigs that lead a flock of ducklings to water. Everybody who remembers the feeling among Republicans three years ago, knows quite as well as he knows anything that CONKLING'S nomination was so utterly impossible that it was not even mentioned. Of all the prominent men before the Chicago Convention he was the most unlikely to be its nominee. Had GRANT retired from the field—a thing he did not and would not do under any circumstances, until he was defeated beyond a doubt, by the nomination of some one else—he could not have transferred one-third of his strength to CONKLING, for the admirable reason that everybody felt that CONKLING was not an available candidate. GRANT had 10 elements of strength before the people where CONKLING had one, and if the solid ranks of the 306 had once been broken they would have drifted to any other candidate in greater numbers than to the New York boss.

Mr. DORSEY must keep a little nearer probability if he is going to remain permanently in the ranks of the hot-weather liars.

SOME of our "Anti-Nicotine Societies" should send missionaries to Mexico to convert the inhabitants of that "land of flowers." If the tales of truthful travelers are to be believed, there everybody from the children to the old men and women smokes. School children who have stood well in their recitations are allowed as a reward to smoke as they sit or stand at their studies. A schoolmaster without a cigar in his mouth would be a phenomenon. In the courts everyone "burns a weed," the accused forming no exception.

THE German Admiralty has caught the American porkophobia just as badly as the rest of the Government. It has issued an order to Captains of the German men-of-war in foreign waters, to buy no more American pork than just enough to do for the home voyage, and to do without it as much as possible.

THE correspondent of a London paper thinks he has discovered a connection between birds and cholera. When the plague enters a town most of the swallows and sparrows leave it and those remaining fly around in a listless way and act generally as though life had no further charms for them.

THE first woman setting foot in Carbonate, Col., was welcomed by the miners in a substantial sort of way. Among other tokens of their appreciation were a town lot, a mining claim and money to buy a silk dress.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

This handsome $3 book which we are sending post paid for $1.25, is fully descriptive in eight pages. We have sold thousands of copies, and have but a few left. Those of our new subscribers wishing a copy, should order soon.

ETHICS OF SUICIDE.

Has ever a man the right to commit suicide?

The ancients said that circumstances determined the propriety of the act—that sometimes it was the gentlemanly thing to do, sometimes grand heroism, and sometimes the only thing possible for a right-minded man to do. The old Romans, when they found the caucuses packed against their renomination, or when they got on the wrong side of a deal in African wheat, summoned a favorite philosopher, prepared their minds by listening to a wise discourse from him, had a luxurious warm bath prepared, perfumed, and surrounded by choice flowers, into which they entered, opened several large veins—and fell asleep.

It was the very poetry of self-murder—no pain, no disfigurement, no disagreeable sight for the relatives, and besides the corpse was already washed for interment.

All will remember CASSIUS'S magnificent apostrophe to suicide, when he is told that CÆSAR will be King:

Cas.—
I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

The Christian Church pronounced all suicide criminal and consigned those committing it to the pangs of hell forever more. The laws in most civilized countries have followed the Christian teachings, at more or less distance, and put the stamp of criminality upon the act. The most recent enactment of this kind is a law passed last Winter by the New York Legislature, making any attempt at suicide a crime, and all aiding and abetting the same.

But the belief will still be cherished and acted upon by men that whenever a full-grown man or woman, of sound mind, and with no one dependent upon him or her, finds the joys of life vastly overslaughed by its sorrows, he or she has the right to lay down the burden in the way that will be least painful and least shocking to the senses of others.

It is in this latter direction that we notice a remarkable improvement. The old-fashioned suicide seemed absolutely brutal in his disregard of the rights and feelings of others. He acted as if when he was through with the world, that nobody else had any particular interest in it. So he blew his brains out over the costly curtains of his friend's house; he cut his throat where the blood spurted over the furniture and walls and made the room forever after uninhabitable by persons with "nerves;" he hanged himself in some pleasant grove, or drowned himself in a cistern or a well, that had heretofore furnished choice water to the family.

Frequently the suicide while in life was a man of courtesy and refinement, who would have been as little likely to walk into his friend's house with muddy boots as to steal his silver, but yet, by making himself a corpse in his bedroom, inflicted more annoyance, labor and loss upon him than by a lifetime of common untidiness.

Recent suicides have come to appreciate this fact. Many of them prepare their bodies for the grave before committing the fatal act, and have carefully written directions, so as to save the finders all unnecessary trouble. They are also showing a new regard for the rights of property. One man last year went out into the kitchen and held his head over the slop-bucket while he cut his throat. This morning's dispatches mention a man who considerately laid a rug down under him before he shot himself. These are little observances that should be encouraged. If men and women will kill themselves, let them do it as they do everything else, with proper consideration for others.

SUNDAY FOR THE WORKING-MAN.

The Sunday law does not seem to be altogether the creation of narrow-minded, fanatical, "Puritans," "Muckers" and "Temperenzlers." The barbers of Sandusky—the greater portion of whom are Germans—have signed a petition to the Common Council asking for a stringent ordinance against any labor in barber-shops on Sunday. All workingmen will come to this position as soon as they wake up. The Sunday law is emphatically a poor man's law, and is one of the most beneficent of measures for his good. It is the only way in which he can preserve his much-needed day of rest. The man who sells beer does not want any Sunday law, because he can harvest more of the laboring man's wages on Sunday than in all the rest of the week put together. The factory-owner and the railroad man does not want any Sunday observance because that makes a day when their expensive plant and machinery must stand idle, and their capital earn nothing. The rich, of course, do not care for any enforced day of rest, because they can take their rest whenever they want it. It is only of value to the poor man, and he is now beginning to see this, and to see how he has been hoodwinked by the beer-sellers and others into playing their game, by their shrieks of "personal liberty," "blue-law fanatics," "Puritans," "muckers," and similar senseless bosh.

LITHOGRAPH OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

A short time since we offered to supply lithograph engravings of the great Brooklyn Bridge, in connection with the BLADE one year, for $1.10. The lithograph has given such general satisfaction that large numbers of our subscribers have written us to name a price at which they may obtain copies without the BLADE. The regular retail price of this lithograph is 50 cents, but for a short time we have concluded to offer it to our readers, postage paid, on receipt of 25 cents. We make this offer for the accommodation of our readers who desire to have a correct picture of this great bridge. We designed at first to discontinue this announcement after two publications, but as there seems to be a large demand for the lithographs, we shall be glad to accommodate our subscribers as long as the desire continues.

THE reunion of the society of the Army of the Tennessee, which was to take place at Cleveland on the 3d and 4th of October (anniversary of Battle of Corinth) has been postponed until the 17th and 18th of October. This is doubtless occasioned by the absence of Gen. SHERMAN, President of the society, who will return from his trip to the Pacific coast by the middle of October. The reunion would hardly be complete without "Uncle BILLY."

ONLY THE BEGINNING.

This Dorsey matter has only begun. When a good, active, able-bodied liar like him once gets fairly started, with a good crowd of listeners, as DORSEY undoubtedly has, there is no probability that he will ever stop as long as he is able to wag his mendacious jaws.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES tells, in a charmingly humorous poem, of a man, who, in his childhood, had stood on a chair at the window and seen the British commander lash on his battery horses, when hurrying to the assistance of his comrades attacked at Lexington. As years passed and the man repeated his story of the day, his share in the great events became more and more important, until in his later years he was very positive that he was one of the foremost men in the fight and performed prodigies of daring and carnage in attacking the red-coated enemies of his country.

So DORSEY starts out now with telling how it was he, and he alone, that secured peace between the Stalwarts and GARFIELD, and by this means carried New York; how he alone raised all the money to carry on the campaign; how his magnificent generalship and free use of money carried Indiana, and made GARFIELD'S election certain; how he gave the President-elect the only good advice that gentleman received, and which, when followed, led to brilliant results, and when departed from brought calamities and misfortune. And so on, to the end of the chapter.

His next claim will undoubtedly be that it was he who who made HAYES'S inauguration possible; then that he secured the majority for GRANT both times that he ran, and finally that it was he alone that crushed the rebellion.

The only restraint that DORSEY now places on himself is as to what he can make the enemies of Republicanism believe, and this will be a constantly-widening limit. Lying is like any other chronic disease—it continually gets worse, —the victim's falsehoods become more shameless and preposterous with every change of the moon.

These things have their own cure, however, for it is inevitable that DORSEY—like all others of his class—will speedily become so reckless in his fabrications, that a man will have to confess himself a fool in order to successfully pretend to believe them.

THE bicycle is a thing of recent introduction, but to judge from the appearance of the streets of the larger Cities it has, like the Heathen Chinee, come to stay. The apparition of a man swiftly but noiselessly gliding by on a tall and ghostly wheel has become so familiar to the average small boy that he has ceased to derive any pleasure from its passage by unless he can manage to introduce a little variety into the smooth career of the rider by deftly shying a stick between the spokes or by throwing a tin can directly in front of the wheel. The army of wheelers daily grows larger, and their association, which bears the cabalistic name of L. A. W., is rapidly making matters smooth for them. By its aid the members have taught the drivers who every now and then seek to run them down, that though only wheelers they have rights which must be respected. It is the members of the same benevolent society, and not tramps, who have chiseled out the mysterious arrows which adorn the fences along many a turnpike. As explained by an expert wheeler, a horizontal arrow means "go ahead; all right;" when inclined upward, "prepare for a hill;" when downward the ground is sandy or rocky, and when it points down, all wise wheelmen dismount, for there can be no ridable thorofare ahead.

IT has long been known that powdered oyster shells after being mixed with sulphur, and roasted in a hermetically closed vessel, would, when put in the sunshine or other light, absorb—absorb is not a good term for it but it will do in want of a better—the light, and would give it out again when placed in the dark. No practical use has ever been made of this curious property till within a year or two, further than to render clock dials and match safes luminous by painting them with the composition. The English railways which pass through many tunnels have experimented with it to a limited extent and in a languid sort of way scarcely hoping to be able to render the use of the dangerous oil lamp unnecessary. The Swiss have gone a little further in this respect, and have some few passenger coaches painted all over the inside with the "luminous paint" as it is called. There would seem to be a great future for this substance which has been hitherto little more than a chemical toy. Some of the inventors for whom America is famous, ought to turn their attention in this direction.

IT is a frequent boast with New Yorkers that their City is the most cosmopolitan in the world, containing more Irish than Dublin, and more Germans than any City of the Fatherland, excepting only Berlin; but to this they undoubtedly have the right to all" and more Jews than Jerusalem." The Hebraic element of their population already numbers 100,000 and steadily increases. Daily numbers of the chosen people are landed; every emigrant steamer brings its quota of Russian Jews, Polish Jews, French Jews, Bohemian Jews and last but not least, the German Jew. None of the vast array of foreigners yearly poured into Uncle Sam's dominions exhibit so much of a desire to learn our language and none learn it so readily, that is just enough to serve common purposes, as they of the hooked nose. Almost the first shanty built in each mushroom town of irrepressible Idaho displays a sign bearing the unmistakable cognomen of a Hebraic dealer in anything and everything which can be sold to the miner.

THE French penal settlements in New Caledonia contain a very small proportion of women and the ticket-of-leave men appeal to the Government to furnish them with wives. In compliance with their request every six months a circular is sent through all prisons in France calling upon all girls who feel matrimonially inclined to obtain permission to go out to the colony and there marry. Large numbers accept the invitation and on their arrival find an extensive field for choice. Marriages between prison officials and the fair emigrants are not infrequent. None who are not young are allowed to go.

NASBY IN EXILE.

Agents are meeting with good success in canvassing for this elegant subscription book. Anybody can sell the book and make a clear profit of $5 to $10 per day. It costs but $1 for an outfit. Address LOCKE PUBLISHING CO., Toledo, O., for circulars of description.

NASBY.

Philadelphia Press.

Thank heaven we are rid of Langtry. Not that that frightfully formed person was personally offensive, but she was so incessantly on parade and so unceasingly bepuffed and beslobbered in the newspapers, that in common with a vast majority of readers, I sickened at the sight of her name. She came, she saw and she conquered. What did we see?

A well-shaped head, violet eyes, a doll-face, an expanse of gums, a scrawny neck, no bust, knobby elbows, sinewy arms, tremendous hands, no legs and enormous feet. As a curiosity she was an attraction. Her stage performances amateurish, but profitable. With her domestic life, if any, the public has no concern, but with her ostentatious display and her breach of every recognized rule propriety, the public couldn't very well avoid having much to do, because she perpetually thrusts herself and her affairs before the general gaze.

Freddie paid dearly for his debasement. In one great jewelry store he spent $40,000 in presents for her, one item being a $25,000 necklace. A day or two before she sailed he bought in the same establishment a $5,000 present. She made quite a number of purchases at the same time, one item being a $250 gold chain—for herself. As Mrs. Langtry publicly announced she was going home to her husband and other family friends, what position does this silly youth imagine he occupies? He cannot well be her suitor. He probably wouldn't care to be considered her valet, and she had a little black-and-tan before she come here.

She had done more to bring the stage into disrepute during her brief tarry here than any dozen professionals have done in a life time. She says she cleared $125,000 by her playing—a good farm, for she certainly did no work—and she bagged at least $40,000 we know of in the guise of imperishable jewels from her admirers. Discounting a little for bounce, let us say she carries with her—to her husband—a net $100,000.

What is the suggestion made at once to 500 younger, prettier women now on the stage? Who is Mrs. Langtry? A married English woman. What is she? A woman made notorious by the public attention of the Prince of Wales. What induced her to go on the stage? The fact that managers, believing her notoriety to be a merchantable commodity, offered money to exhibit her alleged charms. How has she kept herself before the public? Ask Freddy. In other words she has made more money as the fruits of her disrepute than any 200 first-class actresses could make by their combined attractions in a year. Notoriety, supplemented by cast-iron gall and a brace of Freddies—this did the business. Thank heaven she is gone.

An English Beauty.

Lucy Hooper's Correspondence.

Keswick, in Cumberland, can boast of one charming possession in the shape of the prettiest woman in England. She is a barmaid at the Nelson Wine Vaults in that Town. She is reported to be as good and modest as she is beautiful. She has the gorgeous milk and roses complexion that is so rarely seen outside of England, united to splendid eyes, full dark and lustrous as those of a gazelle, pearly teeth, regular features, with rich dark hair growing low on the brow, and a figure whose fine outlines were not to be concealed by the cut of her country-made gown. She is simply dazzling, and how such a pearl of beauty has been left hidden in this quiet little Town is to me a marvel. She is well educated, I am told, paints in water colors, and is perfectly free from all traces of vanity or self-consciousness. Had she been born a Frenchwoman, she would ere this have dazzled the public in some mute role in one of the great spectacular pieces of the day. As it is she will probably follow the example of her elder sister, who was as beautiful as she, and who married a good, honest fellow in her own station of life, and is now a comfortable matron with a household of children. It is better so. The late Adelaide Neilson was once a barmaid, and no one would choose for the radiant beauty of Keswick a career like that of the fair and ill-fated actress.

The Origin of Blue Grass.

Breeders' Gazette.

The names Kentucky blue grass and June grass are indifferently applied to a variety of the poas. There is no authentic information that the grass was originally distributed from Kentucky. On the contrary, it seems to be a fact that the seeds were carried by the Kentucky cavalry of Gen Harrison, on their return to Kentucky, after the successful campaign against the Indians, in which their savage power was broken in the West. The grass was found growing in dense pastures in Central Indiana, furnishing forage for the horses after all other grass was killed, and undoubtedly contributed to the success of Harrison's campaign. It is, in fact, one of the most widely distributed of any of the natural grasses in the United States wherever calcareous, firm, sandy soils are found. From the fact that, as a rule, the soils of the West contain plenty of lime, it is one of the best grasses for cultivation in all soils not liable to heave, and is indigenous from Tennessee to Kentucky north. The old flat stalked poa takes its place, and is found growing with it in the North. This flat stalked poa is indigenous to lighter soils than Kentucky blue grass, or green meadow grass, as it is indifferently called.

Manual Labor School.

New York Tribune.

I saw last week a school of instruction in a portion of a vast cigar establishment here, where between every two boys of German origin sat a Spaniard from Cuba teaching them to fill and roll according to the Havanna style, since the German-made cigars are distinguishable from the more solicited imported cigars, the manipulation having been different, and some machinery being used here like the mold, or the india-rubber roller. The boys are paid and receive prizes and have a library, and must be the sons of cigar-makers.

A Poet Commends the Good Sweeper

JOHN G. WHITTIER, who is at the Asquam House, Holderness, N. H., recently wrote the following lines in the album of one of the girls at the house:

"The truth the English poet saw
Two centuries back is thine—
'Who sweeps a room as by God's law,
Makes room and action fine.'
And, in thy quiet ministry
To want and needs of ours, I see
How grace with toil may well agree."
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Asquam House, 7th mo., 14th, 1883.

THE French Government some time ago introduced the study of dressmaking into the elementary schools and, from recent reports, it appears that the plan "works like a charm." It is a good idea and ought to be adopted in other than French schools, or at least something on the same idea. Cookery, telegraphy or wood-engraving and carving, for instance, might be taught female pupils, while males could be taught the ever-useful trade of carpentry. Still better would be regular, systematic, thoro education of the body by gymnastics taught by competent teachers, who have made that branch their profession.

IN the Rebellion the Creek Nation was divided, the northern portion espousing the Federal side and the southern the Confederate. When the whites stopped fighting they came together again but not so their red allies, who have ever since kept up a feud. The thing has lately come to a focus and appeals have been made to Congress by the Northern Creeks to be set apart from the others by a line running east and west, and to have a division of the lands, cattle and other property belonging to the Nation. In other words the opponents of Secession now want to secede.

THE retirement of Gen. SHERMAN and Gen. SHERIDAN'S taking his place in Washington, seems likely to create some trouble. Somebody must take the latter's place in Chicago, and none of the eligible want it. Gen. SCHOFIELD is a big man on the Slope and naturally he does not want to go to the City by the Lake where he would remain in comparative obscurity for a while at least, and neither does he want to leave California where he has built up a great popularity. Gen. POPE is just as much of a lion in Kansas and Missouri and wants to stay where he is. Gen. HANCOCK seems to be out of the fight, for nobody manfests any disposition to disturb him. A number of carpet knights stationed at Washington are greatly flurried over the changes to be made and with good reason. They, though really Captains, while on a General's staff are by courtesy Colonels and draw $5,000 as such instead of the $1,800 they would receive otherwise. A majority of them will have to make way for the new men whom the incoming General will bring with him, and of course they do not look equanimity upon the change by which they will at the same time, lose their high social position in Washington, $3,200 a year and be made to do something toward earning their reduced salary by doing service for Uncle Sam on the frontier.

THE gentle graindealers of the Chicago Board of Trade, are exhibiting a painful lack of early training by swearing not loud but deep, over the ravages which "plugs" are making on their business. By the euphonious name of "plugs" they do not mean the men by whose exertions "Gen." ECKERT, "Col." CLOWRY, and other distinguished officials of the Western Union, are unabled to send messages "subject to delay," as might be inferred, but a new method of imposition which is rapidly gaining favor with the guileless granger. Substantially it is the same as the "deaconing" of apples which the Down Easters are charged with practicing. A substratum of chaff and other refuse is laid on the bottom of a car, over which is put some moderately fair wheat over which again is placed a good sized layer of prime wheat. Owing to the method of grain inspecting the fraud s not discovered till the car reaches the East, but when it does so, the Chicago middle man is forced to make up.

THE Kaffirs of Cape Colony are pretty well along in civilization. They have not only established a newspaper, but have gotten far enough to appreciate the beauties and utilities of a "personal and matrimonial" column. Here is a sample "ad." inserted by a dusky subject of Her Brittanic Majesty who wants a wife. The would-be bride must have the following qualifications:

She must be of average hight, of a bright copper color, age between 17 and 21 years. The qualifications required are that she is efficient in book-learning and a thoro good hand at all domestic work. The advertiser is tired of eating stamped mealies and unleavened bread. He is of ordinary hight, 25 years of age, pretty, with a good mustache. In stock and property he is worth £135, has a healthy constitution and strong arms. He understands how to work. The girl who, on reading this advertisement, may choose to accompany him through thick and thin in this life, may depend upon her choice. Those willing to reply to this advertisement must inclose their photos, that will be submitted to the advertiser and his friends for selection therefrom. Rejected photos will be returned after the decision is come at. "Ponnies" (very short girls) need not apply. Address A. B. C., Port Elizabeth.

THE managers of Ocean Grove are hopelessly striving to regulate fashionable apparel, but although the State charter of the resort gives them power to do almost anything under the heavens with visitors, they find that dress matters are beyond control. However, the reverend gentleman do all that can be done by inveighing against feminine frivolity and worldliness in every sermon. One speaker recently devoted himself entirely to the condemnation of bangs. Another in following the oft-quoted example of was matutinal fowl, wandered along the beach very early in the morning, and saw a line of tracks made by a high-heeled French gaiter, lying suspiciously close to another made by shoes with long pointed toes such as are worn by elaborate swells, all pointing to the conclusion that the reprehensible moonlight stroll was indulged in by the lambs of the flock. Fired by this sight the horrified observer has since been preaching strongly against foot prints.

A RELENTLESS Chicago scientist has added to the already endless list of ills which afflict poor humanity by the discovery of another pest. This time it is a minute worm shaped animalcule, found in the blood at the rate of 125 to the drop, so that the man, in whom they were discovered probably contained about 40,000,000. The doctor never could find any trace of them in the day time, midnight being the time when they most did swarm. The aforesaid scientists is of the opinion that they are taken from muskets containing the parent, which is never found in the human system. The larvæ are supposed to be deposited in drinking water. The Chicago men must be jealous of the Texan who recently gave to the listening world the tale of the screw worm.

"MERRILY sings the farmer" out in Kansas. The grain crop is immense, corn being especially good. It would take a large article to enumerate all the growers of 90 bushels of wheat to the acre, and 103-bushel fields are far from uncommon. A man living near Florence threshed the product of 130 acres and got 47½ bushels an acre from 30 acres, 44½ an acre from 20, and from the rest 43½ an acre. Last year's corn crop in Kansas was 160,000,000 bushels, but large as this is the farmers confidently expect to be able to beat it. Oats are nearly as good. Good crops of wheat, oats, rye, corn, sorghum, potatos and broom corn are also reported.

THE Annamite monarch TUDUC, who recently died, had an exalted idea of what pertained to kingcraft. He never allowed his sacred face to be seen by any of the outside world save the very highest of Mandarins and kept himself strictly secluded, devoting his time to his seraglio and his kitchen. He dined daily on some very queer dishes, among them being fried worms, shark fins, camels' humps, snails and fattened monkeys. His shrewd subjects when wanting any favor used to send him the last, which rarely failed to bring about the desired result.

THE quotations of saints' relics do not range very high just now. At a recent sale in Tuscany relics of St. PETER brought four francs, those of St. ANASTASIUS three, while St. CLEMENT only brought two.

ANYBODY can sell a good subscription book, and the best selling book of this season is "Nasby in Exile." Write the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The debt of the District of Columbia is $25,000,000. —— Savannah, Ga., shipped 49,944 watermelons to Boston by one steamer last week.——It is learned that a band of pirates have been doing systematic work in wrecking ships in the Black sea in collusion with the pilots. Numbers of disasters have occurred in calm weather and other suspicious circumstances are talked of.—— It is estimated that 2,000 Chinese in British Columbia are trying to get across the line into the United States, and many more will be, when the railway contracts are completed.——An attempt to domesticate buffalo calves is being made in Arkansas.—— Featherstone, Deasey, Flannigan and Dalton, dynamite conspirators, were found guilty and sentenced to penal servitude for life.——Five suits brought against the Western Union Telegraph Company in Philadelphia by C. H. Fuller, agent of the Chicago Meat Company, have been decided in the telegraph company's favor. Damages were claimed for delayed dispatches. ——The property of Boston is assessed at $682,360,500, and the rate of taxation is $14.50 per $1,000.——The Liquor Dealers' Convention in Toledo, O., called in the interest of the Democracy, was a failure. Neither the Brewers' Association, or Protective Association, nor the Liquor Dealers' Association, of Cincinnati were represented. A long series of resolutions was adopted, the burden of which was "that we will co-operate with and strenuously support the Democracy in the present campaign."——The sensational canard alleging the negotiation of a secret treaty between the German Empire and the Mexican Republic, in which the former assumed to guarantee the political integrity of the latter, is promptly and positively contradicted by a member of the Mexican legation at Washington, upon his own certain knowledge

Staff Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Weather and Strikes—Fat Places for Politicians—Offices Worth a Hundred Thousand a Year—The Rule of Ruin—Sale of a Newspaper—Ocean Racing—Various Items.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11, 1883.

Correspondence of the Blade.

The weather is warming up slightly, with the promise of a hot spell. Thus far, however, the heat has not been intense. Local news may be quoted dull. Even the great telegraph strike is fading away. I have known considerable of strikes—been there, so to speak, on several occasions. Yet I must own up that striking is about the poorest road one can take to secure increased pay. Not one movement in that direction can be shown that was a complete success. There may have been temporary concessions, but no lasting good ever comes of them. There need be no conflict between labor and capital. Their interests are identical, and a little forbearance and common sense may easily rectify real or supposed wrongs, and this course is often taken in large establishments here. There are scores of them in which the employers and the workmen have permanent Arbitration Committees who arrange all matters of dispute or grievance without costing one side or the other an hour's loss of labor or earnings. It might have been so in the telegraph affair; but no, a few hot-heads thought they could bring a gigantic corporation to its knees. They tried, and have failed. I make no comments. I do not like the Western Union, nor Gould, nor Field, nor any corporate monopoly; I should like to see them at least with competition that would at least reduce their enormous profits; should like to see them punished for "watering" stock, and all their outrages; but such punishment is not likely to come through strikes.

As for other strikes they seem to be over for the present. The cigarmakers have arranged all differences, and so have the cloakmakers. There was one event yesterday that does not speak well for laboring men. It was an attempt on the part of Union men to compel the builder of a theater to discharge all non-Union men, on pain of a strike. This interference with personal liberty is going altogether too far. Every man has the right to work for whom, with whom, and for what pay he pleases, and every denial of that right or attempt to overrule it is not only foolish but criminal.

GREASY OFFICES.

Some idea of the zeal with which men in New York pursue certain offices, when you know what such offices are worth. A few of these, whose revenue is princely, have been able for years to defeat the popular demand for fixed salaries, because their fees or perquisites run ten times as much as any salary that was proposed. To begin with Coroners—of whom there are four. A few years ago they were paid in fees, and had $20 for every inquest. They found excuses for making five inquests, where but one was needed. They obtruded, wherever they heard of a death, merely to get the fees. At last, in 1878, fees were abolished and the Coroners were paid $5,000 a year. Under the fee system, the City had to pay about $100,000 a year; under the salary system the cost is less than half that. As a matter of fact, the four Coroners had been rubbing the people of $50,000 a year. No wonder they could stand a monstrous political assessment to get a nomination—of course on the Democratic ticket, for no other could be elected.

The County Clerk has both salaries and fees. He has a term of three years, at $5,000 a year for salary. But this is a mere trifle compared with the fees of this office. It costs a man about $5 to say "Good morning" to the County Clerk. No question can be answered without a fee to some Deputy or Clerk. The profits of this swindle run from $100,000 to $150,000 a year.

Then comes the office of Register, where the records of real estate are kept—an office very important to all persons concerned in buying, selling, or mortgaging real property. Here are 1,500 volumes of deeds, running back for 250 years. A search for the facts about a lot may take an hour, or only five minutes; but the charge is $3. What with fees for recording and fees for examining, the office brings in about $150,000.

But the office generally supposed to be the "richest," and which the people know the least, is that of Sheriff—that disagreeable officer whose business it is to hang murderers and (through his sealawag deputies) eject penniless widows from their rooms for non-payment of rent. It is a mean and contemptible business, from the chief to the scullions of Ludlow street jail; but it is rich. The man who holds the Sheriff's office for three years and does not make a "clear profit of $300,000 is set down on as a fool. All efforts to make this a salaried office have failed. There is too much money in it.

These facts show in some degree the power of the dominant party here. Very naturally such offices are earnestly sought. Very naturally they are sold to the highest bidder. If to-day I could be sure that my man for Sheriff would be nominated next month by the united Democracy, I could pocket a clear $100,000, and none but we two and two or three leaders of the party would know anything about it. There are other offices that are gold mines to their holders, but I have mentioned enough for specimens.

THE RULE OF RUM.

According to the report of our Excise Commissioner there were 9,052 liquor and beer licenses issued last year in this City. According to the books of the United States Revenue inspectors there were in the same period 10,213 federal licenses. Here is a difference of 1,161, or nearly 13 per cent. The explanation is easy. Here, as everywhere the liquor dealers are on the side of the Democratic party. The party's sheet anchor in this City is the whisky interest; its next best point is the gambling house, and the third is the brothel. The Excise Commissioners are Democrats, and ready to wink at any infraction of law by an influential party man. The Revenue Commissioners are not Democrats, and so they don't wink to any great extent. Nevertheless, even these officers do not prevent unlicensed liquor selling. Good judges estimate that there are more than 12,000 rum shops of all grades in the City. That is at the rate of one gin-mill to every 110 inhabitants, or one to every 25 voters. These shops represent from two to three voters in each, directly interested in the business. This gives them a solid vote of 30,000 to begin with. They naturally go with, or rather they lead, the Democracy. That party would no more dare to nominate a friend of Prohibition than Uncle Sam Tilden would dare to swim the Niagara Rapids. Now with such a force, not a man of whom ever fails to vote, and with their natural allies to man all the criminal, the vagabond, and dangerous classes, you can get an idea of the small chance in New York any party or movement in favor of Temperance, law and order, and the advancement of morality. With 100 public gin-shops to one public school-house, the chance is slim indeed.

GRAIBED THE GRAPHIC.

Doubtless you see the New York *Graphic*—our only daily illustrated paper—which, by the way, made a point on the story about the discovery of Noah's Ark, giving a picture of the stern of the Ark sticking out from the iceberg, with Tilden's venerable phiz thrust through the window from which Noah sent the dove, representing "the spirit of fierce aspect." Well, within a day or two James William Hinckly, proprietor of the Poughkeepsie *Post and Telegraph*, has purchased a controlling interest in the *Graphic*, and has been made the director of the paper. He is a practical newspaper man, and has had experience in the business management of papers. He is an active Democrat, though he does not propose an immediate change in the policy of the paper.

SUNDRY SCRAPS.

Great rivalry exists just now as to the "fastest time" by steamship across the ocean. The Alaska," of the Guion line, claims the belt, having got over from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in six days, 18 hours and 37 minutes. The "City of Rome" claims to have beaten that, but there is a story that she called Fire Island the end of her voyage—and that in several hours east of Sandy Hook. By the way, is this racing against time on the ocean any less dangerous than racing between steamboats on our rivers? After a disastrous explosion and loss of life perhaps the Governments may look into the business.

Speaking of Sandy Hook reminds me that the Maritime Exchange has just been presented with "The English Pilot," a book in use about a century ago, in which there is a rude chart of our harbor. I notice on that map some curious changes. The Navesink and Shrewsbury Rivers, which now empty into Sandy Hook Bay, then poured into the sea on the open coast of New Jersey. A long sand bar has since risen from the water and diverted the rivers into the lower bay. The formation of Sandy Hook has altered greatly. The east bank shoal and the west bank shoal, which give navigators so much trouble now, were well developed then, and the east bank is represented as spreading over a very large area. New York is represented with one church; Brooklyn or Brockland, by one house.

Our new Ccomptroller begins slowly, but apparently with the intention of finding out the mischief in the coupon robberies. He has had a committee of bankers to examine the securities and money on hand, amounting to nearly $37,000,000, and they find everything right. ZENO.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Strikers Who Will Not Strike Their Keys and the Strike in General.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, August 10, 1883.

Well, what about the strike! Nothing that is peculiar to Washington. The people here, like those elsewhere, are disposed to sympathize with the under dog, but there is a pretty general impression that he is biting off his own nose. If that should prove to be so, however, it would only add another to the long catalog of ills that have come through strikes. Is that sort of a conspiracy, known as a strike, a proper remedy against the wrong, real or imaginary, which labor suffers? I suspect not. Does anybody know of any permanent good to the strikers accomplished by the strike? That strikes have produced great and often fearful evils everybody knows. Everybody knows, too, that skill, honesty, faithfulness and application are good, and sure to bring remuneration and advancement. But what good has ever come of a strike! Oh! says some one in reply, I know of half a dozen cases where the strikers got back to their old places with an increase of wages. Yes, that is probably so, and such an increase is certainly a good thing, if it does not cost too much. But does such an increase, after all, pay? Is there not apt to be a lingering dislike to men who have got an advantage by such means? When there is to be a discharge, who goes first—the man that has been faithful to his employer or the man who has conspired against him? And, further, is the increase of wages a compensation for the time lost during the strike, the distress and anxiety of many families and the frequent failures, changes and removals which strikes occasion?

There is one aspect of the strike, however, which promises in the end an important advantage. A strike is a public calamity, like a fire, a flood, or a pestilence; and the world has discovered that calamities may be turned aside or mitigated. After the Chicago fire the great question was as to how a City could be built so as to prevent a similar disaster. The annual floods on the Mississippi are eliciting plans for securing the people against overflows. And the threatened advance of cholera from Egypt is calling out the best means for checking or delaying the contagion. So of strikes. The important question is not to go forever without a solution. They come from association, and as labor is strong enough to have its way there is not much chance for any remedy through legislation. All laborers have votes, and attempts to tie up labor associations by law are not likely to have much success. The true remedy is yet to be discovered and adopted, and it probably consists in associating labor and capital so as to make their interests the same. If the laborer had a very small interest in the business with which he is connected he would not be seduced into a conspiracy against it.

The grounds on which strike are justified are generally some alleged oppression on the part of capital. It is said, for instance, that the Western Union is a grinding monopoly; that it makes large dividends on an immensely inflated stock, and that it refuses to pay anything more to its workmen than starvation wages. But this is all true. How does it justify a conspiracy to compel it to do better? The Brotherhood are not working to reform its manners, but to get a larger portion of the swag. The strike is not, therefore, likely to make the company any less of a monopoly or to bring it to any terms that will improve its morals. Then, again, if it is a bad monopoly and guilty of squeezing the public to the utmost in its own purse, its workmen must be obliged to serve it. This is a free country and a man is at liberty to work wherever he can get the best wages and the best treatment. Nobody is obliged to work for the Western Union; and, in other cases, if we don't like a service, or if we don't like the pay we leave the bad employer as soon as we can do any better. But strikers do not want to leave; they do not mean to leave; their object is to force better times; and as between the grinding monopoly and the poor laborers public sympathy goes with the laborers, even though there is no justification for their course.

The power of wealth and the disposition of capitalists to combine in making *corners* and in managing stocks are enormous. These processes, which take from the public for the benefit of their own pockets, is getting to be a monster wrong and gives encouragement to many other wrongs, especially to this wrong of strikers. When the people see certain wealthy men using their vast resources in buying up grain and holding it so as to force a rise in the price, and selfishly inflicting it to the great injury of the country in order to make their pile; when they are told how this Western Union is making large dividends on watered stock, and managing their great trust with much more reference to private interests than to public good, they naturally feel indignant, and are apt to rejoice in anything that disturbs their selfish plans. It was stated as a fact, not long ago, that on one occasion when a vast amount of wheat had been long held by one of these rings without producing all that was expected of it, a large portion of it was shipped to Europe and sold at a sacrifice so as to keep up the price in this country, and prevent a break in the corner, thus making the poor pay an extra price for their bread that rich men might grow fat on their misfortunes.

One wrong does not justify another; but when a great, grasping monopoly comes into conflict with its laborers, although it is clear enough that the conflict can only end in great injury to the parties and to the country at large, there is a sort of satisfaction to the public in seeing the greedy oppressor embarrassed and made to use its all-gotten wealth in taking care of things at home. Of course this is all wrong, but the public cannot be expected to make very nice distinctions. Under any circumstances, however, strikes can only be great public evils. They put large numbers of men out of employment, and bring distress on their families, they embarrass and often ruin contractors and manufacturers, they interfere with the regular operations of trade and production and they generally end in great violations of law, often in riots, and sometimes, as in the railroad strike of 1877, in the destruction of vast properties, requiring many years of labor to repair. As yet there has been no compensating good for such gigantic evils.

Another effect of strikes is to increase them. The striking of one interest inspires the striking of another interest, and when a considerable strike is in progress, workmen are uneasy and adherence to regular business uncertain. It is evident therefore, that the position of these men who have refused to *strike* their keys, is a matter of importance to the whole community, and that it is time for some radical remedy that goes deeper than the mere matter of increasing wages. Workmen should be held to other places by some tie that is strong enough to break up brotherhoods and conspiracies. They might receive regular wages, and in addition, a small per centage on the earnings of the interest which they serve. This would insure increased faithfulness and such permanence of employment as would greatly contribute to the well-being of families. Another method that has been successfully practical in some instances, is to increase wages a little for every period of three or five years' service. This makes length of service an important element in the prosperity of the workman and he does not like to lose its advantage. But there are many other methods of securing the fidelity of the workman, and American ingenuity ought to be able to devise and put in practice some theory which would end all attempts at dictation on the part of workmen.

BUCKEYE.

The Oldest and Most Prosperous Normal.

The Normal University, Lebanon, Warren County, O., will open its 16th term, September 4. The burned chapel is rebuilt. Twenty Dormitories in use. Students can get accommodations in private families at reasonable rates. Ample arrangements for 2,000 students. Twelve Departments sustained. German free. Entire expense of full college course, $300; may be reduced to $240. Entire expense for one session, $27 for 48 weeks—ladies $16, gentlemen $18. Half the time is saved, as compared with other schools or colleges, the work being so much more practical and thorough. Students can enter at any time and pay from time of entrance. The complaints that educational advertisements are unreliable has never been made against those of this Institution. For catalogue, address

A. HOLBROOK, President.

Pres. Arthur and the Anglers.

While in Louisville, the President remarked, "that in making two of his best appointments he was influenced by the fact the gentlemen were expert fishermen." Now everybody need not go fishing, expecting an appointment, but every one may, by sending 50 for a ticket in the Commonwealth Distribution Co's. next drawing, Aug. 31st, in Louisville, Ky., GATOR a big prize, 1,900 prizes, amounting to $111,500. Capital prize, $50,000. Ticket's only $2. Address all orders to B. M. Bouthen, Louisville, Ky.

Miscellany.

FORSYTHE'S FIGHT.

The Heroic Struggle on the Arrikaree.

From William E. Curtis's "Summer Scamper."

In order to overcome some of these difficulties, and have a force at hand that could excel the Indians in speed and endurance, Gen. Sheridan organized a company of scouts, numbering 50 picked men, every one of whom was famous for courage, endurance and knowledge of Indian character. They were all frontiersmen, and were gathered from the settlements of Kansas and the hunting camps. Some of them were desperate adventurers of the Wild Bill type, to whom fighting was a pastime, others were trappers and hunters, guides and professional scouts, and more were ranchmen, who had seen their families murdered, their houses burned and their stock stolen by the same Indians they expected to encounter. They were not fighting for pay, nor for glory, but for the love of it, or to satisfy their thirst for revenge. They wore no uniform, but each was dressed as he came from his ranche, carrying his own rifle, and riding his own grass-fed mustang. They carried no baggage but their blankets and bullets, and no rations but a little coffee and hard tack, expecting to kill game for food as they went. This motley and desperate gang of men was probably the most formidable body for its size that the redskins ever encountered, as they subsequently discovered. Not one among the 50 knew the definition of fear, and what would be hardship and exposure to other men was luxury to them.

To command this company required genius as well as nerve, courage and endurance. It must be a man who would receive their respect and enforce discipline. George A. Forsythe, an *aide-de-camp* to Gen. Sheridan, was selected as possessing, above all others, the necessary qualifications. At the outbreak of the rebellion Forsythe was a clerk in the dry goods house of John V. Farwell & Co., at Chicago. He was one of the first men to enlist, and was twice rejected because of his age and slight physique, being but a mere stripling. But persistence got him into the army, and courage and military skill secured his promotion, until he finally attracted the attention of Gen. Sheridan who gave him a place on his staff, and kept him there until 1882, when Forsythe was called to the command of the Fourth Cavalry, Fort Cummings, N. M.

Besides this company of frontiersmen, Sheridan had the famous Seventh Cavalry, under Gen. Custer, the Fifth and Third Regiments of Infantry, and a battalion of Pawnee and Osage Indian scouts, thirsting for the blood of the Cheyennes, Kiowas and Arapahoes, their ancient enemies.

Forsythe's scouts were called into action before the command was ready to move. A Government wagon train was boldly raided and captured by the Indians in the very vicinity of the Fort, and Forsythe started out to intercept their retreat. He followed their trail closely, and the second night out bivouaced on a little island of sand, in what is known as the Arrikarree fork of the Republican river. The scouts were exhausted and slept like logs on the ground, but the first man who awoke next morning shouted:

"Great God! General, look at the Injuns."

And well might he be astonished, for during the night the camp had been entirely surrounded by thousands of savages. The odds were about 50 to one, but the little band never quailed for an instant. They did not know exactly how they were going to get out of the scrape, but they did not propose to be scared. The Indians leisurely observed what they believed was to be easy prey; but the scouts lost no time. They dug rifle pits in the sand with their hands and kamyaks, and tin coffee cups, ate a comfortable breakfast—the last one they were to have for some time—and calmly awaited the attack. It was not long in coming, and down from the tops of the low hills that surrounded the little valley, under the command of the famous chief, Roman Nose, came, like an avalanche of demons, thousands of hideously-painted savages, in all the glory of their barbarous adornment, shouting their diabolical war cries. It was a charge that made the very earth tremble. Nothing to equal it was ever seen by a white's man eye. The scouts were lying flat on the sand, with their trusty rifles at their shoulders.

"Keep cool, boys," was Forsythe's quiet command, "wait till they get to the river bank, and then every fellow pick out his man; but don't waste a bullet; we'll need all we've got before we get out o' this."

The avalanche was met by a shower of lead. Forsythe's injunction was observed, and not a bullet was wasted. Fifty plumed warriors fell under the feet of their ponies, and the column staggered. A second volley from the repeating rifles of the scouts mowed down another swathe of savages; and a third sent them scattering back again to the hills, leaving long rows of dead and wounded.

The scouts, too, fared badly. Most of their horses, which had been picketed on the island were killed; Lieut. Beecher, a nephew of the great Brooklyn preacher, and Forsythe's second in command, was mortally hurt, four of the scouts were killed, and several were badly wounded. Forsythe himself discovered a bullet in his thigh, but there was no one to dress his wound, as his surgeon, Dr. Movers, lay dead on the sand, with his rifle in his hand and his finger on the trigger.

The bodies of the dead horses were drawn around in a circle for breast-works just in time to receive a second charge quite as terrific as the first. The scouts reserved their fire until the Indians were close upon them, and then poured volley after volley into their ranks until they fell back broken, demoralized and dismayed.

For four days these attacks were kept up, and each time were repulsed with heavy slaughter among the Indians, and more or less casualties among the scouts. Forsythe had plenty of ammunition, and could secure water when it was wanted by digging in the sand, but he had no food, no opportunity to rest or sleep, and the putrid carcasses of the dead horses made such a stench that the very air was poisoned. Nearly half of the little beleaguered band were disabled, either by death or wounds, and the Indians saw, as they themselves realized, that death or surrender was merely a matter of time. The brave men had their choice, and concluded to die. They were nearly all wounded, under the hail of lead that for four days had fallen upon them, and Forsythe not only had his right thigh frightfully lacerated, but the bone of his left leg had been shattered by a bullet. He could not move, but could only lie in his sand pit, behind the festering, bloated body of his horse, and fire his rifle at the savages. There was no opportunity or means of dressing the wounds; no time to cook food if they had any, and the only resort that lay between them and starvation was to cut chunks of rotten, putrid flesh from the haunches of the dead horses and force that down their throats.

The Indians apparently concluded to let the scouts starve in peace, as their attacks had resulted so disastrously, and at noon of the fourth day suspended active hostilities. That night Forsythe asked if any member of the band was willing to undertake the hazardous attempt of going through the Indian village to seek rescue. Two men, an old French scout named Trudeau, and a young man named Stillwell, formerly from Illinois, volunteered, It was a most perilous and almost hopeless mission, and the chances were only one in a thousand of success. That one chance lay in the hope that the Indians might be so confident of their overwhelming numbers, and of the impossibility of the escape of the scouts, as to be indifferent as to what was going on around them. It proved to be well founded, and the two intrepid men crept through the Indian lines, almost stepping upon the bodies of the sleeping savages. They reached the fort safely and handed to the astonished Commander a ragged and crumpled piece of paper, torn from Forsythe's note book, on which was scrawled in pencil these mild words:

"I am on a little island and have plenty of ammunition.

"We are living on horse meat, but are entirely out of rations.

"If it were not for so many wounded I would come out and take the chances of getting through. They are evidently sick of their bargain.

"I can hold out six days longer if absolutely necessary, but please lose no time. FORSYTHE."

This little message gave no idea of the situation, but the scouts related, in hurried words, the story Forsythe was too brave to tell. The bugle sounded "boots and saddles," and Col. Carpenter, at the head of a column of cavalrymen, was soon galloping across the prairie to the rescue.

With what anguish and anxiety and suffering Forsythe and his men awaited the result of the perilous trip of the two scouts cannot be described. He had no means of knowing whether they got through safely, and could only fight and wait. The wounded scouts were dying around him and the dead bodies were decomposing. His own wounds were painful in the extreme, and he could not move the lower part of his body. He could only use his hands to cut off his daily rations of rotten horse flesh, and load and fire his rifle, which he did with effect as often as a charge was made. On the morning of the seventh day there was an unusual commotion among the Indians, and what it meant the scouts did not know. It was soon apparent, however, that the Indians were attacked in the rear, and a column of cavalry in blue came charging through the Indian camp on foaming horses. The weak, starved and almost exhausted little band of the island raised a feeble cheer, which was responded to by their rescuers. The Indians fled at once, and when Col. Carpenter reached the little island he found Forsythe pretending to read an old novel he carried in his saddle bags.

The indifference of the rescued was not well disguised, however, and Forsythe finally admitted that he was never so glad to meet any one in his life as he was when Col. Carpenter came to him on the banks of the Arrikaree.

GEN. MANDERSON.

The Soldier-Senator From Nebraska.

Mrs. Sherwood, in National Tribune.

Gen. C. H. Manderson, the new United States Senator from Nebraska, who also accompanied Mr. Kimball in a special car, has one of the finest residences in Omaha. His barn, fitted up at a cost of $5,000 or $6,000, is finer than most men's residences, and there may be seen some superb specimens of blooded horses and cattle, besides a pet spaniel, purchased at a cool $100. Gen. Manderson, who was one of the bravest men who wore the blue, went to Omaha from Canton, O., in 1869, and engaged in the practice of law. His health was sadly broken at that time, although he is the picture of ruddy manhood now. He was one of the earliest volunteers from the Buckeye State, enlisting as a Captain in the Nineteenth O. V. I., for the three months' service; re-enlisted in the three years' service as Captain; was made Major after the battle of Shiloh; Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel after Stone River, and Brevet Brigadier-General after the battle of Lovejoy Station In each of these hard-fought engagements he especially distinguished himself as a gallant and sagacious commander. Gen. Manderson was probably the youngest commissioned Colonel in the service, receiving his appointment when but 24 years of age, in December, 1864. He gave up the study of law to enter the service, but, returning, built up a good practice, taking a prominent place in local politics. In 1866 he came within one vote of receiving the nomination against Eckley on the Republican ticket for Congress—a nomination in those days being equivalent to an election. Upon taking up a residence at Omaha he at once took a commanding position before the bar. He accumulated wealth, and has for some time been engaged in the banking business.

Gen. Manderson will be a tower of strength to all soldier interests in the United States Senate, and the veterans may well rejoice that he is so soon to be there. In appearance he is short and heavy set, with light-colored hair, slightly threaded with gray; sandy mustache and goatee; a genial face, but slightly furrowed around the eyes and across the brow; and fine teeth, which he shows to advantage. His eyes are hazel, and, being very near-sighted, he wears glasses.

Speaking of the general's near-sightedness, reminds us of a good story told of him at Stone River. He is a gentleman of refined and polished address, and while in the service was fortunate in having a Major-Colonel—Jim Nash, of Youngstown, Ohio—whose characteristics were very similar and equally marked. Gen. Manderson's regiment was on the front line of battle, where they must meet the full shock of Breckinridge's assault, whose men were coming down upon their right flank. The general sat on his horse, with his staff, laboring at some disadvantage, since in riding through the trees he had lost his glasses. Conscious of a pretty lively state of things in the van, the polite Colonel, addressing the equally polite Major with a becoming salute, said: "Major, will you have the kindness to tell me just how that column is facing?" The Major, returning the salute, said: "Colonel, I take pleasure in informing you that they are facing this way." "When the bugle sounds let the guide and color guard take their position in the rear," was the Colonel's hasty order. The order was obeyed, and, taking to their heels, every man for himself the 19th made for the rear and formed, a second alignment, where the colors were planted. Rebel and Union were alike surprised. "My God, the 19th is running," said Gen. Van Cleve, the blood from his wound filling his boots. Breckinridge's men saw it, and, mistaking the bold tactics for a skedaddle, came down pell-mell to be met and slaughtered in their tracks by one of the best handeled regiments that ever stood fire, when to hold on meant certain death.

Something About Bread-Making.

By the process of bread making it is intended to convert the flour of certain grains into a cellular structure, in which it is more easily chewed, saturated with the fluids of the mouth, and digested. In order to arrive at this end, alcoholic fermentation is resorted to from olden times, by introducing the same in the dough by means of brewer's yeast. Thus a small part of the flour is converted into glucose, which again is transformed into alcohol and carbonic acid. The former is recognized by its peculiar vinous odor, exhaled by the loaves, when sufficiently raised. Both gases produce the raising of the dough—*i. e.* the porous and spongy appearance.

By this fermentation the flour not only loses weight but the bread also attains qualities which may injure the process of digestion.

In order to evade these inconveniences chemists have long ago searched, to impart the spongy structure of the dough by other means than yeast, respectively by substances evolving gaseous bodies, or which, in the oven are transformed into gasses themselves. To the best known belong the bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar, certainly well known to all housewives. And with regard to most of the baking powders of the trade, they are mainly preparations containing these substances. However, it cannot be said of any of them that they exert a beneficial influence on the system, not to speak of the adulterations, to which most of them have lately been subjected.

We are glad to learn that *Prof. E. N. Horsford*, of Cambridge, Mass., who held the chair of chemistry in Harvard University, invented some time since, a baking preparation forming an exception to those spoken of, which has already attained universal reputation.

The idea by which Prof. Horsford was guided, was not only to furnish a substitute for brewers' yeast, but also to provide those nutritious constituents of the flour lost in the bran in the process of bolting. These are the so-called phosphates, which are also the nutritive salts of meat, and of the utmost importance, for the building up of the organism. If we take into consideration that the nutritive value of wheaten flour is from twelve to fifteen per cent. less than of the wheat grain, and that this loss is now restored by Prof. Horsford's invention, then we must look upon it as of the greatest national economic importance. As Justus von Liebig, said: "The result is the same, as if the fertility of our wheat fields had been increased by one-seventh or one-eighth."

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

"REX MAGNUS,"

The Humiston Food Preservative.

Keeps all Kinds of Food Absolutely Fresh for any length of time. It will not only keep fish, flesh and fowl, eggs, milk, butter and cream, perfectly fresh and sweet, but it actually improves their quality.

Tough and Dry Meats Made Tender.

L. B. Hiscock, of Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, says: "I kept some tough, dry, old ewe mutton, which had been treated with this preparation, in my stall for over two months. Then I and others ate of it, and it was as sweet and tender as any mutton could be."

It is Tasteless, Harmless and Cheap.

REX MAGNUS is a combination of well known antiseptics, perfectly simple and harmless in character, and its use will not injure the most feeble and delicate system. It really promotes health, for it makes meats mellow, tender and juicy, and absolutely prevents that decay which even in its earliest stages renders food unwholesome for the human stomach.

No Taste of it can be Detected in Food.

It has withstood the most searching tests in this respect. Dishes of treated and untreated meats, fish, oysters, milk, and cream, have been placed side by side at several notable dinners in Boston, New Haven and Chicago, and no one could tell which was preserved and which was fresh.

How to Get It.

All druggists and grocers keep it. Sample pound boxes sent on receipt of price prepaid, by mail or express, as we prefer. Name your express office. "Viandine," for meats, poultry, &c., 50 cts. per lb. "Ocean Wave," for oysters, lobsters, &c., 50 cts. "Pearl," for cream, $1.00. "Snow Flake," for milk, butter, &c., 50 cts. "Queen," for eggs, $1.00. "Aqua Vitae," for fluid extracts, &c., $1.00. "Anti-Ferment," "Anti-Fly," and "Anti-Mold," 50 cts. per lb. each. Mention this paper.

Put up in 1 lb. and 5 lb. cans and in 25 lb. boxes.

THE HUMISTON FOOD PRESERVING CO.,

72 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

For Sale in Chicago by Sprague, Warner & Co., wholesale grocers. Van Schaack, Stevenson & Co., wholesale druggists.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

A Harvest for Our Blade Agents.

Cheap Reading This Summer for Everybody.

We are about to issue to agents of the BLADE a private circular of terms for three months subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE, good for a short time only, at a remarkable low price, at the same time allowing the agent a handsome cash commission. We want 50,000 new readers this Summer to give the BLADE a trial, and at the price we shall name to our agents for securing this special number, we shall not receive returns for more than the price of white paper used in printing them. Our experience shows us that a large majority of new subscribers become permanent after an acquaintance with the BLADE, and for this reason we are quite willing to accept 50,000 readers this Summer at a nominal price.

The price we have determined upon for our special agents, and for a special time only, we do not make public in this announcement, but all agents and friends of the BLADE who can devote even one hour in raising a club for us, may simply ask us by postal for our special short time rates, and we will immediately forward instructions by return mail. Any person of good standing in any community, may act as agent. Simply ask us by postal for instructions, and we will make known to you the way in which you can take all the reading people of your Town for a short time trial of the BLADE. We will also furnish specimen copies needed in the canvass, when applied for. We shall only ask an agent to raise a club of five under this arrangement, but will accept as large a club as the agent is pleased to send, and good canvassers will find after they get to work, that from 20 to 100 names can be taken for the BLADE (at but a few cents each) in a few hours work of a single day.

Some five years ago we made a special low offer for three months, and many agents sent us clubs of over 100 names at a time, mailed the same day they received our terms. Clubs of 20 were received from communities of but that number of families. When so good a paper as the BLADE can be delivered to any family in the United States for three months for a very few cents, all who can read the English language will thank an agent for calling their attention to the matter.

Any person, old or young, can earn a nice cash commission for one day's canvass, and we want one agent in every Town. It may be that we shall have to limit the number of agents, but for the present we will give all applicants authority to give the matter a trial.

As the special rate will be limited to a very short time, agents will please apply for terms at once.

The BLADE will be unusually interesting this Summer. The old-time Nasby letters, always welcome, are restored after a long absence. A new serial historical novel, written especially for the BLADE by EARNEST WARREN, now well-known to our readers, will then be commenced. Other features will follow in rapid succession, making a feast of good things that will delight the most exacting.

Wealthy, But Illiterate.

Boston Globe.

The schoolmaster is very much abroad in Saratoga. One lady blazing with diamonds sent an order to her milliner as follows:

"Deer Miss X——: Please get me two yards Irish point lace, and alson get me six pares of glubs sevens and a quarters, crushed-rose berries color. P. S.—Don't send the Bil for I don't want——to see it, he only allouse me a certain summ and I will pay it myself."

This is a bona fide order, and I think it is an index of much of the society at Saratoga, though, indeed, there are others who are adorned with every good quality and refinement.

Light Air.

The City of Denver, Col., is so high up in the mountains—7,000 feet above the level of the sea—that housekeepers find difficulty in cooking meat and vegetables by boiling. The atmosphere is so light that water boils at a temperature too low to thoroly cook some kinds of food. While strangers complain much of the thinness of the atmosphere, old settlers are not much distressed, and children born and raised there seem not to suffer inconvenience in any way. They race up and down the sides of the mountain at full speed without finding any difficulty in breathing. Their lungs are large enough to take in all the air, light as it is, that they require.

Long Branch Gambling.

Brooklyn Eagle.

It is said that the two Long Branch gambling houses are making more money this year than ever before in their history. They are conveniently located and admirably kept. After every race the throng of spectators comes back to dinner to the Branch and keeps up the excitement of betting during the evening by wandering into the two gambling houses. The statement that on Saturday of last week no less than $70,000 changed hands in these two places can readily be credited, for the men who win the money on the horses at Monmouth Park seldom or never carry it away from Long Branch with them. The bank wins every time.

The Nurse Should See to It.

Steelton Reporter.

Dudes who chew the beads of their canes are advised by a medical editor to have the same made of soft rubber instead of silver. It makes less wear and tear on the gums and helps the teeth to come through just as well.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE.

Its New Era and Improved Features.

This College is free from debt, and its permanent growth and greatly enlarged facilities and usefulness at Mt. Union are assured. The past year has been the most successful and aggressive it has enjoyed in its 37 years of remarkable history. Write for particulars. Mt. Union College, Mt. Union, O.

NEW ORLEANS, August 1, 1883.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Investigate for Yourselves!

Postmaster-General Gresham having published a wilful and malicious falsehood in regard to the character of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, the following facts are given to the public to prove his statement, that we are engaged in a fraudulent business, to be false and untrue:

Amount of prizes paid by The Louisiana State Lottery Company from January 1, 1879, to present date:

Paid to Southern Express Co., New Orleans, T. M. Westcoat, Manager	$1,366,300
Paid to Louisiana National Bank, Jos. H. Oglesby, President	463,900
Paid to Louisiana State National Bank, S. H. Kennedy, President	125,100
Paid to New Orleans National Bank, A. Baldwin, President	88,350
Paid to Union National Bank, S. Charlaron, Cashier	64,450
Paid to Citizens' Bank, E. G. Carriere, President	57,000
Paid to Germania National Bank, Jules Cassard, President	30,000
Paid to Hibernia National Bank, Chas. Palfrey, Cashier	27,000
Paid to Canal Bank, Ed. Toby, Cashier	13,150
Paid to Mutual National Bank, Jos. Mitchel, Cashier	8,200
Total paid as above	$2,233,650
Paid in sums of under $1,000 at the various offices of the Company throughout the United States	2,637,410
Total paid by all	$4,881,060

For the truth of the above facts we refer the public to the officers of the above-named corporations, and for our legality and standing to the Mayor and Officers of the City of New Orleans, to the State authorities of Louisiana, and also to the U. S. Officials of Louisiana. We claim to be legal, honest and correct in all our transactions, as much so as any business in the country. Our standing is conceded by all who will investigate, and our stock has for years been sold at our Board of Brokers, and owned by many of our best known and respected citizens.

M. A. DAUPHIN, President.

CAPITAL PRIZE $75,000.

Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion

L.S.L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard

J. A. Early

Commissioners.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $350,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. NINTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS I, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, **September 11, 1883—160th** Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.

100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths, in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE	$75,000
1	do	25,000
1	do	10,000
2	PRIZES of $5000	10,000
5	do 2000	10,000
10	do 1000	10,000
20	do 500	10,000
40	do 200	8,000
100	do 100	10,000
200	do 50	10,000
500	do 25	12,500
1000	do 10	10,000
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The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

XXXVIII.

FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

I do not know how many of the younger members of the HOUSEHOLD have followed me through these papers. I hope many have done so, and the ground upon which that hope rests is the interest that all women take in whatever may help to make them possessors of the gift that is such a powerful aid in winning and holding men's hearts. It is useless to say that the desire to do this is ignoble. When kept within proper bounds it is purely womanly, and as legitimate as the ambition of the opposite sex to obtain pre-eminence in other ways. It is only when the love of admiration renders the whole nature a vain and selfish one, determined to gratify itself at any cost, that its possession is to be regretted. But whether kept within bounds or allowed to fill the whole life to the exclusion of everything noble and true, the fact remains the same that all women long to be beautiful, and the majority are willing to make considerable sacrifices if by so doing they are certain to attain the coveted talisman.

Few people, however, comprehend how almost identical are the two things, Health and Beauty. Rosy cheeks and bright eyes, a well-rounded form, an elastic step—these will make up for irregular features and defects of body. Health will give a power that intellect without it cannot compass. It is the jewel of great price, rarely valued as it should be until it is gone forever.

Especially is this true of the young. They do not stop to think that the energy, the buoyancy, the vigor which they feel will not last always. Prodigal of these gifts they use them as if inexhaustible. A cold is of no moment except for the present discomfort it produces. A strong stomach and good digestion give license for any amount of indulgence in rich viands and confectionery. The power to fall asleep at any time of the day permits the wasting of the night hours in gaiety, while the quick recuperation after sickness intensifies the belief that the ills which older flesh is heir to are something with which they have nothing to do. And so they go on reckless and gay, scoffing at the idea of care in connection with health.

Now, girls, the truth is just here. You can retain the beauty Nature has given you just as long as you keep your health and no longer, and that in a great measure depends upon yourselves. Of course you may have inherited disease, but that is only another reason for obedience to hygienic laws. I do not want to turn you into fussy creatures afraid of every passing zephyr, nor would I have you give up the brightness and pleasures that belong to youth, but simply to guard the treasures that are yours, and not spend them so lavishly now, that middle age shall find you bankrupt in health, broken in spirits, mere shadows of your former selves, youth and the beauty which it gave both gone, with nothing to replace them in any way. You cannot now see that this is a possible future for you, but look around upon the mothers of your young friends, and how many of them, would you imagine had been but a few years since bright and joyous as yourselves. More than likely every one of them were; but careless of health and strength when the duties of wifehood and the cares of maternity came, they were utterly unable to meet the heavy drafts upon their powers, and this is the result.

Each one of you is looking forward to a happy marriage, when the one comes whom your heart crowns king of your affections, to becoming the mother of his children, and with making with him a home, which a community of interests and warm love will render a happy one. But under the most auspicious circumstances, with ample means at command, surrounded with all the comforts a husband tenderly thoughtful for your welfare may give you, these duties require a fair degree of vigor to fulfil successfully and yet keep well. If, then, you come to them broken in health, you have scarcely the shadow of a chance of being anything at middle age but a faded, old-before-your-time, miserable woman. Your husband may cherish you then for what you have been to him, and because you are the mother of his children, certainly not for what you can be while a querulous invalid. And if he is not a strong, noble, self-denying nature, you may have the agony of seeing the passionate love won when you were fair and young turn to indifference, and finally be given to some one who has the gifts you so prodigally threw away.

I do not say that this is right or justifiable in him but that it often happens, and then God help the stricken, invalid wife, if she still loves. In your flush of youth and the beauty which it gives, this seems impossible to come to pass in your case, and it probably need not, if you are wise in time and carefully guard the gifts of health and strength which have been bestowed upon you.

Nor can you be more than moderately successful in any work you may attempt to do should you not marry, unless you are well. Sickness palsies both hand and brain, and an aching body will never permit the highest exertion. Experience during your school days will assure most of you of the truth of this assertion.

Perhaps you are wondering why I am painting such miserable possibilities for your future. It is simply in the hope of setting you to thinking, of making you see that health is worth any amount of trouble to retain. And yet the rules I have laid down for you are extremely easy to observe, and once such habits are formed, you will not think of other ways of living. It is so much easier to *keep* well than to recover from sickness, and indeed I think people never really get back the full measure of strength and endurance which were theirs before struck down by Nature's rebellion against their disobedience to her laws. If it were otherwise, if there could be complete and perfect recovery of lost health, then it would not so much matter. An occasional fit of illness might teach lessons of patience and fortitude that would be extremely useful in after years, but that is not possible except to children. A mended piece of china is never so strong as before it was broken. A crack or a bruise injures both its beauty and usefulness, and it always has to be handled thereafter with added care, detracting from the pleasure of its possession.

Make a personal application of this truth to yourselves, girls, for in the glory of your youth and strength you are the human china which once flawed, or nicked, or broken can never be restored. Do not get the idea into your heads—I have heard it advanced—that invalidism is interesting, that to be thin and pale and languid as to be attractive. There is nothing so winning in this world as healthy, radiant womanhood, set off by the graces of intelligence and refinement. To be well is not to be coarse. Remember that always.

I beg of you, then, do not put off taking care of yourselves until youth is gone. Begin now, and as the years go by you will find that they add to your beauty rather than detract from it, and that life, instead of becoming a weary burden through the cares imposed upon a failing body, will grow fuller and richer as your experiences broaden and deepen and you have the strength to fully enter into their meaning.

Lessons in Music—No. 3.

BY RICHMOND.

The scale is a graded series of eight tones and is of two kinds, diatonic and chromatic.

The tones and intermediate tones of the major diatonic scale compose the chromatic scale. An interval is the distance from one key to another, reckoned upwards. Melody is a succession of single tones; while harmony is a combination of two or more tones struck simultaneously. Syncopation is transferring the accent from the strong to the weak part of the measure. A chord is two or more notes, one above the other, struck at the same instant. Passing notes lie between the regular notes of a chord and are of two kinds, diatonic and chromatic. They are diatonic when not sharped or flatted; chromatic when they are. Many wait to finish a literary education before studying music, only to find that the time for securing the finest results has passed. Much may be accomplished in mature years, but those whose training began early have a decided advantage. Practice scales and finger exercises slowly at first and when proficiency has been attained, touch the keys lightly and rapidly without interfering with the distinctness of the tones. Count the time regularly; the degrees of time are indicated by the Italian words: *lento, largo, adagio,* meaning very slow; *andante,* slow; *presto,* fast; *prestissimo,* very fast; *sostenato, sustanuid, accelerando,* hastening the movement, and *a tempo,* used after *ritard,* to return to the original time. Practice a new composition slowly, and determine the best method of fingering; practice single passages of great difficulty separately, and then in connection with the whole. Study the marks of expression; they are so clearly given that there can be no doubt of their meaning. Play fortissimo passages loud and clear; the pianissimo lightly, but sweet.

Be *sure* of the composition, and, if possible, when playing before others, be familiar with the touch of the instrument. The difference in touch is very great and sometimes has an embarrassing effect. Everything well done is a credit; add to your *repertoire* only good music, and let what you have learned be beyond criticism. Music may be reduced to simple chords, and simple chords are the foundation for all sorts of fanciful embellishments. Proceed gradually to difficult music. Let it be a matter of principle to study only what has real merit, rather than the *morceaux de salon,* which glide from the fingers of the average pianist. Learn a nocturn, songs without words, a few stirring marches, a sonata, and a fine waltz, these will be light enough to please and yet have character. Do not be confined to a certain style, there is a charm in variety, in the brilliant, strongly marked compositions, in the humorous rollicking ones, and in the flute-like tones of some dreamy waltz. Regard all the laws of form and symmetry, simply as a necessary medium for the utterance of pure and perfect tones. There is a fascination in the dash which which is called *bravura;* this non-legato style detracts from the smoothness, without which there can be no gliding, pearly passages or a *cantabile* (singing) effect. There is no fixed standard for music, as well try to arrest the ebb and flow of the sea; music being a reflection of the emotions of men, it will change in accordance with the changes in human nature. Music stands first in all the arts, in its benign influence over the human heart. Nature is permeated with tone blending, continually uniting in one grand, harmonious psalm of thanksgiving to the Lord of All. Work is like *open sesame;* the finest musicians worked untiringly before acquiring the wonderful proficiency that has astonished the world. Pianists are *made* not *born,* as a rule. When a path all bordered with roses has been prepared for genius—mediocrity walks in it.

Music is more than a concord of sweet sounds; it mirrors the mind. The world and harmony is portrayed in the highest form of art, in masses and symphonies, rising to the sublime in poetic religion. To succeed in anything a substantial basis is necessary, and music is no exception. True art occupies a high sphere, and we must try, by hard study, to understand the laws by which it is governed. Study, well directed, *will* work wonders. Let there be a method, a system, in all you do. If you have only two hours to devote to practice, let the first half-hour be given to the scales and their combinations, a half-hour to fine finger exercises and chords, and the remaining hour to the study of standard compositions. Make a specialty of remedying defects of suppleness by practicing *mezzo forte* (not loudly). Too much attention to the fingers and impedes rapidity. Have courage and perseverence; if the labor is great will not the reward be greater.

Correspondence.

KEEPING BIRDS.—Red birds eat all kinds of grain, fruit, seeds and insects, and especially eggs, meal worms and flies. In captivity they need a variety—plenty of water and gravel. Treat generally the same as canaries.

The three following recipes are for "universal food" or pastes, which can be eaten by any bird:

No. 1.—Let enough wheat bread for a three months' supply be baked without salt. When it is stale, put it into an oven from which baking has just been taken, and allow it to remain until the oven cools off. Then pound it fine, and it will keep three months. A teaspoonful of this, mixed with thrice that quantity of warm milk, is enough for each bird's daily food. This paste may be cut fine, is very nourishing, and becomes neither sour nor sticky. Never let the milk boil.

No. 2.—Soak in cold water a well-baked loaf of stale bread, and, pressing out the water, pour on milk. Mix with this two-thirds its weight of wheat or barley meal, ground or sifted.

No. 3.—Grate a carrot on a clean, sweet grater. Soak a small roll in water, and, after pressing out the water, mix both bread and carrot with two handfuls of wheat or barley meal, well ground and sifted. Then pound in a morter. The last two will sour, so must be made every day. —HAROLD.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.—The present generation is intensely practical. The wealth and resources of the country have increased with such rapidity as to astonish the people of the old world. With money and leisure has come the knowledge of other than physical wants; what was before only useful must now be beautiful. A curtain must not only shut out the too brilliant sunlight, it must be artistic in design and drawing. One of the present aims is to stimulate the taste for the beautiful and cut loose from the conventional. A cup and saucer if not pretty must be quaint in design. There is now plenty of work, if women will but train themselves for it. For the industrial arts there is a broad field, and it is suited to women. Designs for carpets and curtains bring from $5 to $75, according to the quality and artistic design. In holiday cards and wall papers and borders, there is a constant demand for new designs. Large numbers of women are now engaged in photography and the coloring, finishing and mounting of photographs, but, as in other callings, too many engaged in it have not learned the business *well,* only taking it up to supply immediate necessities. The capital necessary to fit up a studio is a barrier, but those who have succeeded in doing so do not complain of a lack of patronage. Embroidery has been revived, and there are specimens of embroidery offered for sale in the Cities rivaling the specimens in the art collections of Europe. The more perfect the work the more likelihood of fair remuneration. Fine embroidery will always sell on its own merits.

China painting, engraving on glass and porcelain, give employment to many women; their wages are less than a man's, but, as a rule, they are not as thoroughly educated, and the woman who goes into the labor arena is presumably obliged to do so. The refusal of an employer to take those who are incompetent, ought not to be unkindly received; he must have the value of his money. The work of a Nation is conducted on the principle of self-interest, and not that of philanthropy. From a designing establishment of New York comes this assurance: "Dealers and designers in china, carpets and wall hangings will be glad to employ women in these industries." But they must, first, become skilled in technic; unfortunately there is a lack of the necessary requirements. Physical incapacity is more imaginary than real. Our All-Wise Father would hardly have brought women into the world under circumstances compelling them to labor, if they were not equal to the burden. Energy, pluck, courage, the qualities which insure success for a man, must be cultivated by women.

No man expects to earn the money of one of long experience, and educated to the business, and for women there is no royal road. Thoro instruction in carpet designing can be had at the Women's Institute of Technical Design, in New York City, in the designing of prints and lawns at Lowell Institute in the same City, in wood carving at Cincinnati, in pottery, too, the women of that City, are doing work never before attempted in America. The woman without an occupation must be classed with the aimless man. In every Town and City, there are many women who are not studying, not engaged in the work of the household, or any pursuit whatever. If a woman has a talent, let her conscientiously cultivate it, she may have ample means to live now, but there are many revolutions to Fortune's wheel, and the time may come when a knowledge of some branch of industry or art may give her an honest living. The influence of a life without an aim sifts down through all classes of society, while work and study are essential to the development of every true woman. "Into each life some rain must fall," etc., and there is nothing which will keep a woman calm, and even-toned, more surely than systematic work, and the consciousness of a true, unselfish life. Nervous trepidation in the hour of adversity, confusion and dismay are characteristic of those whose lives are superficial and aimless.—16—17.

LOVE.—The spirit, or rather a lettersigned "Going" in last week's BLADE, moves me to make a few remarks. No use, girls, to tell you not to pay any attention, for such advice has been given from time immemorial, and history fails to record a single case of a young lady refusing a genuine offer on account of the deep impression produced by the experience of the giver. In the first place the lady "gives herself away" by telling her age. Now, I venture to assert that not one girl in 20, under the age of 17, can tell a gentleman when he is seen. In fact give them a choice between a highprincipled, manly man and a smooth-mannered, gentlemanly villain, and they will choose the latter, at least nine times out of ten. Girls, allow me to assure you, of what I presume you are already satisfied, that there is such a thing as love, "Going" to the contrary notwithstanding. Marry a truly honorable, upright man, whom you love and respect above all others, and my word for it, at the end of 10 years you can say with truth that you are 10 times, yes, a hundred times more to each other than you were when you were married, for a husband and wife are not fairly acquainted until they have been married five years. One great mistake that girls make is in expecting too much. No girl has any business getting married under 18, and 20 is better. Young girls get a romantic notion of all their troubles ending with their wedding day, which is as foolish as it is untrue. As for money, never marry a man simply because he has money, for it is apt to take wings, and then think of a life of hardship and privation, without love or respect.

I think the writer signing herself "Poor Unknown" makes a mistake in regard to servants. It is not that the lady considers herself better than the servant, but simply that she is not one of them. In most families meal time and evenings are the only times they are all together, and a servant is a restraint that they do not like. I do not often keep a girl, but when I do it is a perfect rest to get her out of the house for a few hours, and the day of her leaving is a day of rejoicing for all of us. I have no doubt that many of the ladies will agree with me.

Will the editor please tell how to send to New York to get a servant just from Norway or Germany, if it can be done?—MRS. W. W. ALLEN, Knoxville, Tenn.

Apply to the Commissioners of Emigration, Castle Garden, New York City.—ED.

IN AFFLICTION.—In picking up the BLADE, I found so many words of kindly cheer and encouragement for others, I wondered if I was not entitled to just one kind word from strangers, for I feel such a sinking of the heart, such a loneliness of spirit, such a blight upon my life, as I pray God may never come to those who write such loving words in the HOUSEHOLD. In the Village church-yard sleep the dear, precious forms, which a few short months ago were a happy family around my hearthstone. And now I feel as if I were a wanderer on the face of the earth. No wife to cheer, to love, to help me bear this great trouble, and my own precious children's voices are forever hushed. The little hands that used to cling so lovingly to mine, the childish prattle that used to revive a tired father's heart when his day's work was done, the beautiful eyes that sparkled with the sunshine of heaven in their depths—all are stilled forever.

And oh, such a burning yearning in my heart; such a longing that can never be satisfied. Oh, parents! Do you appreciate the blessings of your children's love? Be kind, be gentle, be good to the children, lest the Death Angel comes, as it did to the home of a heart-broken—FATHER.

ABOUT HOME.—Home is a place above all others where we should delight to be. It makes me sad to read the letters of so many complaining wives. If we cannot be happy at home, where in this world can we expect to be? How blessed it is to have a happy, cheerful, quiet home, its inmates all striving to make each other happy. Such a home as this depends greatly upon us as wives and mothers, by teaching our children to be kind and obliging to each other, and by first setting them the example, by cultivating a sweet disposition, and always striving to check the little words and angry feelings which will sometimes arise. I can not say with some of our sisters, that I hate housekeeping, for I do not think there is anything I would like better.

I take great delight in reading what is written about children, and as I have two little ones of my own I would dearly love to see a great deal more said upon this subject. It is one that should deeply interest us all, as their future welfare and the welfare of our country depends largely upon their early training. And as dearly as I love my bright-eyed little girl and boy, oh how much would I rather follow them to their graves than to see them grow up wicked and disobedient, regardless and unmindful of the duty they owe to God and man.—YOUNG MOTHER.

ADVICE TO "BLACK-EYED LYDIA."—On reading poor "Black-eyed Lydia's" appeal for help, my sympathies were so aroused that I resolved to respond to her call for advice immediately, for fear that no one else would come to the rescue. Poor thing! What a dilemma she must be in! How I long to tell her that her "Jim" will be an Adonis. Though undoubtedly he will be of surpassing beauty, since he has an uncle who is quite good looking. And I am very much afraid that she will never have so good a chance again, as she says that "He is good to work; will have a team, wagon and some money this Fall." I think a wedding dress that would suit the most fastidious would be of pea green cambric trimmed with ruffles of orange. Now, "Lydia," I think if you marry "Jim" at all you will have to take him now, because if you wait 24 years longer "Jim" may be handsome, and I am very much afraid that you would lose him then. Nevertheless were I in your place I should very much hate to marry him and run the risk of his reforming after marriage, for if he does not care enough for you now to free himself from his bad habits, he certainly will not when he has absolute control over you.

I would like to say to "Going" that I don't agree with her at all. I think there does exist such a thing as love, and if I ever marry it will be for love alone.—GIPSY QUEEN.

TEACHING.—"School Teacher," of Amana Ia., has not made much of a defense against "Jonathan Hunt" in a late issue of the BLADE.

In slavery times it was right to take the labor from one to give to another, because the other needed it; so it is right to give nine-tenths of the child's time to the advanced pupil, because the advanced pupil has more studies! Why not divide the property of the commonwealth among the people, so that a select few can have according to their imaginary wants? It is right now for the drunkard to spend his wife's money for whisky and let the child starve, because people have crude notions about personal liberty. If "School Teacher" would try the other side of the question and have much to say, she would find herself alone and very unpopular. I do not ask her to be a martyr unless she was born to be one; then she can't help it.

I think I can explain the matter to her so that she can see both sides of the question.

Many years ago, a young woman was teaching in a rural district where the people were too penurious to buy text books for their children. She was good-natured and ambitious. She made up her mind to supply the wants by extra exertion. She taught three years, Summer and Winter and finally became unpopular by spending too much time with small children in the Winter. I was called to take her place. In a few weeks I learned from willing tongues her methods of teaching, and found I must take hold of her plans or become unpopular with the small children who were in a large majority. The advanced classes progressed better than in any other school in that country. My wages per month increased from $30 to $50, in three years.

In this time I fully realized that my extraordinary success was owing to the preliminary drill by this modest teacher. One boy who attended her school from five years of age to eight, commenced in "part third" and traveled with me into "fractions," doing his work thoroughly in seven months.

I found that all of her pupils recited so readily and comprehended so easily that the recitations were short, and that I was not obliged to spend more of my time on advanced classes than really belonged to them. It is comforting to remember that I called on that teacher before I left the school, and, in the presence of her mother, stated in these fairly and acknowledged my indebtedness to her for my extraordinary success. In a few months after she was called home to her reward.

Now, "School Teacher," study the subject fairly, and you will come to the conclusion that older scholars need less of your time if they are properly taught when young. Don't insist upon more text books than readers and spellers, with a good slate, until the child's memory is systematically developt. Remember that the hand and the eye must be educated first. Burn up the "Second Part," or lay it aside, and teach written arithmetic to the children by the use of slates and blackboards. Keep your blackboard full of easy sums for them to copy and work out, and, in connection with this work, you may introduce the elements of book-keeping, grammar (by language lessons), map drawing, botany, etc., without doing injustice to the advanced classes.

Thus drilled, when young, the older scholar is able to comprehend the text book and will require less of the time of the teacher for recitation.

N. B.—If the average child of nine or 10 years of age is not able to read well in the third reader, write a fair letter, cipher readily in division and has a thirst for knowledge, there has been something wrong in his education.

Oral teaching which draws a child into the front rank, does not injure him as much as pushing him through the text book when only half the progress is made.—JONATHAN HUNT.

MARRIAGE.—I must say I feel sorry for "Going." Yes sorry, and yet angry, too; for I don't think just because she is not happy that she ought to give the advice she did. I think, as a general thing, it is the woman's fault, if she is not happy, for "Our life is just as we make it," and if we are cross and snarling all the time our husbands will be the same. I am 20 years old and have been married two years, and I have had such a happy time all the time, and I am poor, too. Love is too sacred to be spoken of in that way. Oh, I know so many good, noble men, I think sometimes I like men better than my own sex, for they will be good if a lady will be good to them. I will say, get married by all means, if you love your intended.—BUSY BEE.

BERMUDA GRASS.—As so many of the readers of the BLADE have become interested in Bermuda grass, and it is impossible for me to answer so many letters privately, I thought a few words to the BLADE on this subject would beacceptable.

This grass is good for pasture, all animals like it, and it is especially good for hogs. The farmers in this part of Texas are planting large fields of it. One man is putting 400 acres of land in grass, and he thinks he will have as good rancho as they have on the Brazos. It is very nice for lawns, and I advise all that have large back yards to have them set in this grass; and they will not have any trouble with their clothes washdays, for there will be no danger of clothes getting soiled if they fall off the line. It stands the drouth very well. We have had some in our yard that has stood two severe drouths. Some ask why I "wish to destroy my grass?" I answer, because I am such a lover of flowers, and can not have both in my front yard, for when you once get the grass set it kills everything else. Weeds will not grow where the grass is and it kills shrubbery unless you let your trees get fully-grown before putting out the grass. Some wanted to know if I "could not ship the grass to them," but as I have not enough to ship to all those wanting it, and as it will not grow from the seed, so I hope those kind ones will not think hard of me for not supplying their wants. They grow a great deal of this grass in Collins, Grayson and Dallas Counties, Texas.

DON'T BE IN HASTE.—"Black-eyed Lydia," how can you be content to marry a man five years younger than yourself? Come, you not wait until a man of suitable age offers you his heart and home? You forfeit the respect of your sex by marrying a boy, and, I should judge, not a perfect one either. You wonder if he will not give up his bad habits for your sake after you are married. I answer you, "No." If he does not respect you enough to give up his vices now, certainly he will not after marriage. As for good looks, it is a matter of no consequence, for he will be a young man when you are a faded woman, old, and in his way. "Lydia," you must remember that it is not natural for youth and old age to thrive well together, and perchance in future years you will see your mistake, but then it will be too late. Your lives will be wrecked, and who is to blame? Surely not the lad. It is from these ill-assorted marriages that our courts are filled with divorce cases each and every session, and it is because of them that so many utter the words, "There is no such thing as love." Beware, "Lydia," lest you have cause to say that ere your age is 30. Think of the the years to come, the trials and hardships that may be in store for you. Think how fast your health and beauty may be sent you, while "Jim" is growing handsomer day by day. Think of these things, "Lydia," and remember it is no disgrace to live an old maid. But it really doesn't sound well to have it said you married a boy to raise, so I advise you to adopt him as a son or brother and remain single until chosen for a wife by another.—BLACK-EYED FLIP.

VARIOUS.—"Poor Unknown" I agree with you on the subject of servants. I see no possible reason why a girl who works in the kitchen is not as good as anyone. I am a school teacher and consider myself good enough to eat with anyone and that is what I think of any girl who behaves correctly.

"Marguerite" I quite agree with you in regard to kissing, I do not think a man will have as much respect for a girl that will give him a kiss whenever he asks it. How does he know but that she is as free with every young man. No, I say a little less kissing before and a little more after marriage.

"Poor Discouraged" do you in your trouble ever think that there is one to whom we may bring all our sorrow? For if he cheers the raven when they cry, how much more will he help one of his poor discouraged children.—ELLIS.

TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—I haven't had much to grumble about lately, that is as regards the gentler sex, but I have been patiently waiting for a long time, for hoopskirts to go out of fashion again, and as they, like the Heathen Chinee, don't seem disposed to go, I am determined to have my say on the matter, for if I don't relieve my mind I am positively certain that I'll burst. So here, my request, girls, please quit wearing hoops! Won't you quit? You know you "hadn't orter" wear 'em. If I were not an old bachelor I would give you some solid reasons to sustain my request. There is one other thing that has been troubling me, too. It is this. I am a very bashful man, but I like ladies' society and would visit them often if I do, but then I'll be blessed if I can call upon a lady friend twice without Madam Rumor (I despise that woman) saying: "La! didn't you know Mr. M—— and Miss —— are going to be married? He visits her constantly." Now don't you think it's a shame that a fellow cannot call on a lady friend without people talking about their being "engaged," "courting-folks," and all that?—MARY ANN.

Inquiries.

It appears that a number of mistakes, probably typographical, were made in the description of rosseleaf edging published some time ago and a large number of inquiries concerning it have been received. Will "Gertrude" please give an explanation?—ED.

Will someone give me a recipe for making cocoanut candy?—LOUIS HILL, Steffanville, Mo.

Will someone inform me how to kill plantain? What and where is the Mason and Dixon line?—BLADE READER.

Will someone give a good method for interesting new beginners in history?—H. G. S.

Will someone give me a pattern for water lily? I have the cutters for them but don't know how to put them together. I can't get the flower and never saw one. They don't grow around here that I know.—J. P., Box 207, Oxford, Iowa.

Will someone tell me how to make root beer that will keep, without liquors, and one that will not intoxicate? Will someone tell me how to cure lame sides and back, and for light head.—J. J. A. NEUELS, Monticello, Wis.

Will someone tell me the best time to select seed corn, and how to preserve it to insure growth? What temperature should a red bird be kept in during Summer and Winter?—REX.

Is dressmaking a nice trade, if anyone understood it well? Is it correct for a young lady to attend a circus with a young gentleman?—IVA WILD, Brownsdale, Minn.

Will someone send a knit bedspread pattern, and one for a collar, of silk knitting thread? Have any of the ladies any ferns pressed for winter bouquets? Now is the time. I have some, and if anyone wants me to I will tell how to make some lovely bouquets.—WILD BIRD.

Will someone tell what will help the asthma, or hay fever, that comes on about the middle of August and lasts about six weeks? I cannot afford to travel.—MRS. DAVID BAILEY, Big Beaver, Mich.

Will someone tell how to make creamery butter? What is necessary to get up a factory for the purpose?—M. WATTS, Brevier, Mo.

Will "Myrtle" please explain in the knitted lace pattern of June 14th, the meaning of "ttof"—BEGINNER.

Will someone suggest a mode by which I may mend an iron vessel which has been cracked by heat?—ROBIN LUNKWAVER.

Will someone tell me what will take the warts off of my little boys' hands?—A READER.

Can anyone tell me from what the following lines are taken? Who wrote them? Were they ever set to music?

"I am sitting alone to night, darling,
Alone in the dear old room;
And the sound of the rain,
As it falls on the pane,
Makes darker the gathering gloom.

"For I know it falls on a grave, darling,
A grave 'neath the evergreen shade,
Where I laid you away
One bright autumn day,
When the flowers were beginning to fade."

—MATTIE, box 447, Benicia, Cal.

Will someone give a remedy for liver chills? Do not say quinine. I cannot take it. And also a recipe for some kind of sticking salve for a cut or a bruise that is healing? Please give a remedy for weak lungs and cough from cold, and one for deafness, caused by gatherings in the head.—SISTER, Wawkon, Iowa.

Is there any cure for seasickness?—FLORIDA.

What is used to polish old and dirty iron?—ESDRA.

What will cleanse discolored glass which resists all the ways I can try? Will some one give a good recipe for for making grape jelly?—AMATEUR HOUSEWIFE.

Will someone give a recipe for coffee cake? How are currant tea cakes made?—CHEROKEE ROSE.

I would like a recipe for almond custard cake, and one for lemon custard cake. How is an Irish stew made? How is plum pudding made?—VEILCHEN.

Can any one tell me where I can get hemp seed oil, and what it will cost?—A SUBSCRIBER, Ellicttstown, Ill.

Undoubtedly your druggist will send for it if you request him to.—ED.

Do any of you can pineapples? If you do not, try them, and you will find them delicious. I canned nine last week. Perhaps it is rather late for them now, but you can try them next Summer.—DANCER.

Will someone inform me how to make a nice wedding suit of cashmere? What would be most suitable for a middling fair complexion, dark hair and gray eyes, and also what kind of hat or bonnet is suitable for same person?—O. K.

Will someone send patterns for silk embroidery?—LEO, Box 235, Glenwood, Ia.

Answers to Inquiries.

"Subscriber," "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes," say cotton can be colored blue by first boiling the goods in strong alum water and then dipping them into a strong solution of sulphate of indigo.—BAST.

"Flossie," give your cactus fresh earth composed of ⅓ well-rotted cow manure, ⅓ leaf mold and ⅓ sand. Water sparingly.—F. E., Crestor, N. J.

"Emma," wedding celebrations run in this way: At the end of the 1st year, the cotton wedding; at the end of the 2d year, the paper wedding; at 3, the leather; at 5, the wooden; at 7, woolen; at 10, the tin; at 12, the silk, or fine linen, or both; at 15, the crystal; at 20, the china; at 25, silver. After this the gifts grow more and more costly. At the end of 30 years the pearl wedding occurs; at the 50th anniversary, the golden; and at the 75th, the diamond.—FRAILA.

"Isola," and others, the "Shut-in Society" is formed of invalids living scattered all over the United States, and even much farther. It was formed, or founded, by Mrs. J. M. D. Conklin, of New Vernon, N. J. To become a member it is necessary to send your name, if you are an invalid, on a card, if you are too sick or poor to write by lette, with the desire to become a member to Mrs. Kate Sumner Burr, Walworth, N. Y. If you write to her she will send you a member's card.—M. A. T., Wauseumon, Wis.

"C. T. Cavill" asks for a cure for catarrh. I suffered from chronic catarrh for many years, and was cured by this simple and inexpensive remedy: Make a cloth funnel four feet long, with one end large enough to go over the head. The other end must be fitted over a kettle in which water is boiling. Add to the water while boiling 1 teaspoonful best quality oil or spirits of turpentine. Inhale the hot vapor for 10 or 15 minutes each night before going to bed. Persistent use of the remedy is a positive cure. Keep it up two or three months. I believe it will cure consumption. If the turpentine is too strong use less and increase the dose as much as you can bear.—B. F. R.

"Baker" wanted a recipe for making Graham bread. Here is a good way. Take 1 egg; 3 tablespoonfuls sugar or molasses; 2 tablespoonfuls lard or butter; 1 teaspoonful salt; 2 teaspoonfuls soda; 1 qt. sour milk. Make it thick with Graham flour so it will not run from the spoon. Bake 1 hour and 30 minutes.

"C. M. H.," feed young robins on mocking bird food. I have a very nice pair raised this way.—LEMON.

Someone wanted a biscuit recipe. We make ours by dissolving 1 rounded tablespoonful of butter in a pint of hot milk, and when lukewarm stirring in 1 qt. of flour, 1 beaten egg, a little salt and yeast. Work into dough until smooth. Set in a warm place to rise. In the morning work softly and roll out ½ inch and cut in biscuit and set to rise half an hour, when they will be ready to bake. These are easily made and are delicious.

"Stella," this is a very nice recipe for cream sauce: Take one teacupful of powdered white sugar, scant ½ teacupful of butter, ½ teacupful of rich cream. Beat the butter and sugar thoroly; add the cream. Stir the whole into ½ teacupful of boiling water. Place on the stove for a few minutes, stirring it constantly. Take off and add the flavoring.—HELEN, Braistow, Ill.

Seeing an inquiry for a recipe for Summer drinks, I send one for spruce beer: Take 3 pounds sugar, 4 gallons water, 1 oz. ginger, a little lemon peel, or essence of lemon, and a little essence of spruce to give it a flavor. Stir all together, warm it a trifle, and add a cupful of good yeast. When fermented bottle up close.

Mead is made by dissolving one part of honey in three of boiling water, flavoring it with spice and adding a portion of ground malt and a piece of toast steeped in yeast, allowing the whole to ferment. Will someone try and report.—MRS. I. K. TYLER.

"Aggie," this is a good way of preparing spinach.—Wash and pick over carefully a peck of young and freshly gathered spinach. It is better to wash it in several waters, and then, that it may be entirely free from grit or sand, throw it finally into fresh, clear water. Drain well by shaking it in a sieve. Boil it about 15 or 20 minutes, in slightly salted boiling water. When tender, drain it well, shaking it about in a colander until quite dry. Serve it on pieces of toast, dipped for a moment in the water the spinach was boiled in. Season with pepper and salt and put plenty of butter, cut into small pieces, over it. Garnish the dish with slices of hard-boiled eggs.—HELEN.

"Franc," Avalon, Mo., here are a few inscriptions suitable for wedding rings. I hope you will like them: "Pray to love, love to pray;" "God for me appointed thee;" "God hath sent my heart's content;" "God's blessing be on thee and me;" "Live, love and be happy." Here are also some for bracelets that are nice, I think:

God our love continue ever.
That in heaven may live together.

Constancy and heaven are round,
And in this the emblem's found.

There is no other, and I am he,
That loves no other, and thou art she.

If "Kizzie" will oil her hands with glycerine every night before going to bed and let it dry on, it will cure her tetter.

In answer to a question how to put up meat I would say after meat is smoked and dried sufficiently, put it in a tight box and have it well covered with wood ashes. Have the ashes between the pieces of meat so they do not touch each other.—A SUBSCRIBER.

C. T. L., here is a recipe for packing cucumbers with grape leaves. I always pack mine in jars. Just sprinkle in a little salt, then put in a layer of grape leaves, (wild ones are the best), then a layer of cucumbers, and so on until your jar is full. Put in a little dill if you have it. Fill with water, put on a weight and keep in a warm place. They will be ready for table in about 12 days. Do not use too much salt.—MISS AUGUSTA BEHR, box 224, Manistee, Manistee Co., Mich.

Recipes.

For Making Corn Starch.—Take of field corn (it cannot be made from sweet corn) in the milk or a little harder, any quantity from 1 to 3 bushels. Husk and silk it. Have in a clean tub, one third full of cold water. Stand up the same as for washing and grate on a grater in the water. I use one made from a milk pan, quite coarse. As you grate each cob throw it into a pail of cold water, to rinse off any starch that might be left on it. When through grating, strain through a yard square of cheese cloth twice, if too thick to strain easily add cold water. Then cover over with the cloth and leave out doors till morning, when the starch will be settled. Then pour off the water and if there should be any yellow scum, though there is not usually, rinse it off. Then take a cream skimmer and skim off the tub a thin layer at a time and lay on plates put in the sun. At 10 o'clock stir it well and break up the lumps and put on more plates, for it smells in drying. By night you will have such beautiful starch that you will never want any more from a store. It is excellent for an infant powder, it is so pure. I make mine in the cool of the evening under the trees. Scald everything that is used about the starch, for much depends on having everything sweet and clean. I would like to hear from any sister who trys it.—MRS. GEORGE BENNETT, Waverly, Ia.

Lemon Paste Cake.—Sugar, 2 cupfuls; butter, ¾ cupfuls; sweet milk, ¾ cupfuls; 3 eggs; flour, 3 cupfuls; yeast powder, 2 teaspoonfuls. Lemon paste: One cupful sugar, ¾ cupfuls water, and 1 lemon. Dissolve the sugar in water and then throw in grated lemon. Let it come to a boil and put in 2 tablespoonfuls of corn starch mixed with a little cold water.

Orange Pie.—Beat together 1 teacupful powdered sugar, and 1 tablespoonful butter; to this add the beaten yolks of 3 eggs, and then the juice and grated rind of 2 oranges. Beat all together and lastly stir in lightly the whites beaten to a froth. Bake with an under crust.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Take 8 qts. of raspberries, and let them stand for two days in a quart of vinegar. Then strain through a cloth strainer, and to each pint of juice put three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. Boil for 15 minutes. Bottle while hot, and cork tightly.

Lemon Pie.—Raisins, 1 cupful, stoned and chopped fine; juice and pulp of one lemon; sugar, 1 cupful, 1 egg, and water 3 tablespoonfuls. Bake with 2 crusts.

Veal Croquets.—Mince veal very fine, add 1 onion chopped, mix ½ cup of milk with 1 teaspoonful of flour, piece of butter the size of a walnut. Cook until thickened and stir into the meat, roll into balls, dip into a beaten egg and roll in bread crumbs. Fry in plenty of hot lard.—ALDER, Navasota, Tex.

Frosted Currants.—Pick fine, even bunches, and dip them one at a time into a mixture of frothed white of egg and a very little cold water. Drain until nearly dry, and dip in pulverized sugar; repeat the dip in sugar once or twice, and lay them upon white paper to dry. They will make a beautiful garnish for jellies and charlottes and look well heaped in a dish by themselves or with other fruit. Plums and grapes are very good when frosted in the same way. Currants mixed with a sufficient quantity of raspberries, put in a glass bowl and eaten with powdered sugar and plain cream, make a very nice dish.

Bread and Butter Pudding.—Slice a stale loaf of bread rather thin, crust and all, and butter it lightly on both sides. Butter a baking dish and flouring it lightly, lay a single layer of the slices of bread all over the dish, sides and all. Wash and pick ½ lb of currants; pick and stone ½ lb. of raisins; slice very thin 2 ozs. of citron. Mix thoroly and scatter thickly over the bread and butter; then build up in this way: Make a mixture of 4 eggs, 1 qt. of

HOP BITTERS.

PSALMS.

[REVISED.]

1. HEAR this, all ye people, and give ear all ye *invalids* of the world, Hop Bitters will make you well and to rejoice.

2. It shall cure all the people and put sickness and suffering *under* foot.

3. Be thou not *afraid* when your family is sick, or you have Bright's disease or Liver Complaint, for Hop Bitters will cure you.

4. Both low and high, rich and poor, know the value of Hop Bitters for bilious, nervous and *Rheumatic* complaints.

5. Cleanse me with Hop Bitters and I shall have robust and blooming health.

6. Add disease upon disease, and let the worst come, I am safe if I use Hop Bitters.

7. For all my life have I been plagued with *sickness* and sores, and not until a year ago was I cured, by Hop Bitters.

8. He that heareth his bones from aching from Rheumatism and Neuralgia, with Hop Bitters, doeth wisely.

9. Though thou hast sores, pimples, freckles, salt rheum, erysipelas, blood poisoning, yet Hop Bitters will *restore* them all.

10. What woman is there, feeble and sick, from female complaints, who desireth not health and useth Hop Bitters, and is made well?

11. Let not neglect to use Hop Bitters in case of serious Kidney and Liver complaints.

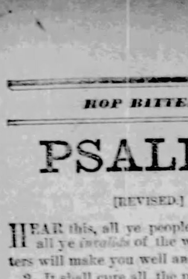
12. Keep thy tongue from being furred, thy blood pure, and thy stomach from indigestion by using Hop Bitters.

13. All my pains, and aches and diseases go like chaff before the wind when I use Hop Bitters.

14. Mark the man who was *nearly* dead, and given up by the doctors after using Hop Bitters and beemeth well.

15. Come from worrying, about nervousness, general debility and urinary trouble, for Hop Bitters will restore you.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.



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For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Women. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It will revive the drooping spirits, invigorate and harmonize the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the glow of health to the pale cheek, and the fire of beauty to the eye, and is above all the ready friend and unfailing support of the suffering and overworked.

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It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and for the cure of all Humors from the blood, and all Diseases of the Liver it is unequaled. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and for the cure of all Humors from the blood, and all Diseases of the Liver it is unequaled.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

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Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness.
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Dispelled by none in delirium of fever.
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Cures ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores.
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Yes, It is a charming and delightful Aperient.
Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers.
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Reliable when all opiates fail.
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Disease of the blood own it a conqueror.
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SOLID FACTS.

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—Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, is Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. All druggists—sure cure.

—Makes the skin soft, white and smooth. Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. Elegantly put up.

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AGUE CURE.

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Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

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For Officers and Soldiers while in the service of the United States, and for the recent act of Congress by which pensions may be obtained. Apply to T. W. TALLMADGE, Attorney at Law, Toledo, O. Also Prosecutes Pension Claims.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

A Remedy for Wire Worms.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In a great many places, on low black lands, farmers are troubled with wire worms, and it seems impossible to get rid of them. I have tried early and late planting, and in both cases have been destroyed. The next remedy I tried was timothy. I had a field that was troubled considerable with wire worms. In the Fall, after cutting the corn, I harrowed the ground and sowed about one peck of timothy to an acre. In the Spring I plowed it under and planted corn in it. The corn all came up and not any of it was destroyed by wire-worms.

Where a part of a field is troubled with wire-worms, it would not be necessary to sow the entire field. Immediately after cutting the corn, harrow the spots that have been destroyed and sow in proportion to a bushel to four acres, and by Spring the timothy will have formed a thick sod.—R. W. J.

On Wheat.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

In your issue of July 26, "T. H. D." wan's to know a better wheat than Clawson to raise. I would advise him to try Fultz as it is taking the lead in this section; it stands freezing, is a good yielder, and stands up on rich soil where most of the other varieties fall down; it is rather hard to thresh if cut green, but if allowed to get thoroly ripe, it threshes as easy as most kinds of wheat. There is about half a crop here but the quality is good; other crops never looked better. I have a potato called the White Star. I got the seed, one-h If pound, of D. M. Ferry a year ago last Spring. I raised 15g bushels from it; if any one doubts it I can refer them to half a dozen witnesses. They are a long, white potato, and as early in the row.—C. L. Gotom, Rock Spring, Mo.

Rust in Wheat.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I noticed in a recent issue of The Blade an inquiry as to the cause of the rusting of wheat. This to my mind is so simple and rational that it seems strange that any one who has given any attention to the subject has failed to become satisfied upon that point. The cause of the rust is the cracking of the straw on account of which the juice which should fill out the berry, runs out at these cracks, the fluid part evaporating, and the solid part—that which should have made flour—remaining on the stalk in form of what is called rust. This is demonstrated by examining a stalk of rusted wheat, when it will be seen that the rust is in narrow lines up and down it, and by moistening closely it will be seen the stalk is cracked. The immediate cause of the stalk cracking is a hot sun upon the stalk having been made soft by rain or heavy dews.

T. J. Eaton.

Rye for Feed and Fertilizing.

Rye pasture, for Fall, Winter, and Spring use, is much cheaper and easier to be had in this latitude, and in more southern ones, than any other kind of green food. The cost of it is merely the seeding crops, and liability to fail on account of drouth, renders their general cultivation unprofitable.

The practice of sowing rye at this season of the year, for pasture and fertilizing purposes, has not received the attention it deserves at the hands of our most wide-awake and progressive farmers. Its greatest value lies in the large amount of pasturage it affords as a source of the very best other kinds of pasturage fail. Rye is a plant that, like orchard grass and some others, grows at a comparatively low temperature, so that the growth continues late in the season and commences unusually early in the spring. For this reason the rye plant is available as feed for stock after most of the other grasses become dormant. In winter it often affords excellent feed for calves, colts, lambs, pigs, and ewes in lamb, and keeps them in fine health and condition. In the Spring, rye affords good pasturage earlier than any other grass or grain, and continues to furnish an abundance of good pasturage until other grasses are large enough to furnish good feed. No kind of pasturage pays better than rye sown during the month of August. It will supply, during the Fall, Winter and Spring, an amount of pasture that will surprise one not accustomed to sowing it for that purpose.

Another advantage in the culture of this crop is that it can be sown after most of the other grains have been harvested, and the land occupied at a season when it would otherwise lie fallow; and the soil, instead of being injured, will, in fact, be enriched by the shade afforded by the leaves of the plants. If sown early, the crop can be cut in September and cured for hay, in case a drouth in May or June has made the usual hay crop a scanty one.

Another advantage to be gained by seeding a small field with rye near the feeding stable, is that it can be used in the Spring before the clover is advanced enough to cut. If run through the cutting-box with a proper proportion of oat straw or clover hay, moistened, and ground feed in the proportion of two mixed with it, it forms an excellent feed for working animals, young animals, or for the production of milk.

The time of sowing depends somewhat upon the quality of the soil. Thin soils require earlier seeding than richer ones. Usually it is best to sow rye for pasturage purposes from the 1st to the 15th of the present month. The crop may be sown on good land to good advantage in September, and on very rich soils during the month of October. In order to derive the greatest possible benefit from the crop it should ordinarily be sown as early in August as possible. A few years ago, about the 20th of August, I plowed up a stubble field, sowed one and a half bushels of rye to the acre, and pastured it with cattle and hogs in the Fall, and again in the Spring until the main corn crop was planted. I then turned under the rye sod and planted the field to corn. The result was, the ground was easily worked, easily kept clean, and the yield of corn a good one. The pasture from the rye much more than paid for the seed and the labor of cultivation. One and a half bushels of seed to the acre is a sufficient quantity for early seeding. For very late seeding for pasturage purposes, a little more can be advantageously sown.

After seeding, the first management consists in using it for pasturage sufficiently early to prevent its becoming jointed, so that the crop will not fall down and become sour at the joints. If milch cows are pastured upon it late in the season, both the quantity and quality of the milk will be improved. Access to the rye pasture is particularly valuable when stock is being fattened on corn, corn meal, or other feed which contains in part of linseed or cotton seed meal. A luxuriant rye crop prevents much of the damage which ordinarily results from the hoofs of the animals while grazing during mild weather in Winter. The growing rye crop is unsurpassed by any other in this important particular. The rye itself is not damaged by the trampling of a reasonable amount of stock after it has advanced in age sufficiently to stool out, provided the soil is in proper condition.

My experience with rye has convinced me that it is much more profitable for pasturage than for grain. Even when the crop is desired for grain, the lambs and calves can be pastured upon it until the middle or last of May (owing to the season), and then the rye be allowed to fully mature, joint and head out. In the West, in the corn growing districts, the rye is often pastured during the Fall, Winter and Spring, until in May; it is then allowed to head out, and hogs are admitted to the field until they have eaten all the grain. This, followed by feeding a short time upon green corn on the stalk, and then upon that which is matured, puts them in prime condition for the market.

The uniform testimony in regard to this crop is that the pasure alone, to say nothing of the grain crop, invariably more than pays for the seed and labor of sowing. For fertilizing purposes, if the crop is allowed to come into full bloom and is then harrowed down and plowed under, it is regarded as being of nearly as much value as when harvested and threshed, or the hogs are allowed to eat the matured grain. Even when the stalks are allowed to attain but little hight, the numerous roots produce an excellent effect in preventing clay soils from running together and becoming cloddy. It is for this reason that land which has been apparently injured by the tramping of stock during the Winter, will, when cultivated, show that although the surface may appear hard at first sight, that just beneath it will be unusually mellow and friable. It will pay to use rye for feeding and fertilizing.

Land seeded to Winter rye will be measurably protected from washing. This crop, when grown for grain alone, is by no means an unimportant one, and of late this is being neglected. The acreage, which in 1871 was 1,020,331, has increased to 1,789,100 during the past 10 years. The total value of the crop in 1871 was $12,145,646, and in 1881 it had increased to $154,780,729. The average yield of rye during the past 10 years has been nearly 14 bushels; that of wheat a little over 12. The average price of rye during the same period was 70.6 cents, and that of wheat 108.1. Pennsylvania, Illinois, New York, Wisconsin and Iowa are the leading rye-producing States.—*W. M. K., in Farm and Fireside.*

An Experiment with Gypsum.

Several plant-pots were filled with strong, rich and manured garden soil, and set with red clover plants. To one portion of them gypsum was applied to the surface of the soil; to another on the leaves only; and a third were not treated with it. They were watered alike for several weeks, but no difference whatever was seen in the growth of all the plants, indicating that plaster is of little use on highly manured land. Other pots were filled with soil of medium fertility, more sandy in character, and which had not been manured. Red clover seed was planted in these pots, and after the plants alike were up, some were treated with plaster and others not. As soon as the plants were in the second leaf, the plastered ones had taken the lead, and for several weeks were about double the size of those not plastered, or so long as the regular watering and growth continued. The was then suspended until the soil had apparently become quite dry, and the plants had withered and fallen, the unplastered plants being the most withered. Both were then copiously watered. In a short time the plastered plants were restored, assumed their erect position, and appeared as vigorous as ever. But the unplastered ones presented no appearance of life, and were entirely dead. The experiment indicated the value of plaster on common soils, and especially those of a rather light character, in promoting vigor of growth and in lessening the effects of severe drouth.—*Country Gentleman.*

Artificial Hatching.

I have owned and run an incubator for three years. It is of a pattern most extensively advertised, and probably one of the best in the market; capacity 100 eggs. It requires about one quart of oil per day to run it, or five gallons for a single hatch. With ordinary eggs I get between 40 and 50 chicks per 100 eggs. In three years I have used about 1,200 eggs and have obtained 543 chicks. My eggs average about three cents each in value, and it costs me one cent an egg to run the machine, for oil, making the total cost $4 per 100 eggs. The average cost of a chick when hatched is nine cents. In raising the chicks I have thus far made almost a total failure. My first attempt was to put the chicks under hens that had been sitting three weeks. I divided 70 chicks between five hens, putting the chicks under them after dark, removing the dummy eggs on which they had been sitting. By 7 o'clock the next morning three of the five had killed half their chicks and nothing could induce them to adopt the incubated little things. Two were not so fastidious and made good mothers. I then tried artificial mothers and abandoned their use because chickens raised in them will cost me in care, feed, fuel, etc., not less than $1 each when ready for market. For eight years I have kept from 75 to 125 hens. The aggregate result is a considerable sum on the wrong side of the profit and loss. I have never seen a man who has kept a similar number who has not met a similar result.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

Summer Care of Horses.

The Boston *Cultivator* says that flies are a source of much discomfort and fretfulness. Nettings are now sold quite cheaply, and much more than pay their cost every year. In the absence of these an easily made, good protection is a thin cotton sheet fitted to the neck with holes for the ears, and buckled under the throat, or even tied with straps of the same material. Let it cover the back and hang loose at the sides, to give free access of air; this may be held in place by a crupper band passing under the tail. When horses are not driven on hard stony roads or used in stony fields the shoes may be removed for a time with benefit to the feet. A quantity of green fodder, as rye, etc., is very acceptable to mix with the dry feed. This keeps the system in good order and saves the use of medicines. Ordinary light farm work seldom injures one nearing their foaling time. They should be kept in good health. It may be necessary to give a gentle laxative, as bran or linseed oil cake. If a purgative is needed administer a pint of raw linseed oil

Water for Stock.

Here is an item which ought to induce some farmers to take action in the direction indicated: A farmer friend of mine made a single pump furnish water through rubber tubing to the stock in four fields did a very ingenious and wise thing. Animals should be able to obtain drink whenever they feel thirsty. The water then taken has a better effect than if given at convenient intervals by the farmer or his assistants, for in the latter case the animal is apt to drink more than is really good for him. Then, again, if the attendant is concerned at all about the quantity of water the animal takes, the chances are he will pull him away before the demands of nature have been satisfied. For a small amount of money farmers can, in a multitude of cases, arrange the water supply of their live stock so that they can drink whenever they feel dry. Such a method is economy in a double sense—in the well being of the stock and in the time of the owner or his help."

Handy Hay Caps.

Farm and Fireside gives the timely hint to procure thick, brown sheeting, 1½ yards in width. This should be cut into squares, and a cord hemmed in at the edges. A loop in the cord at each corner is desirable, as the wooden or wire pins can be thrust through the loop into the hay-cocks and hold the caps in place. A coating of boiled linseed oil should be given them to render them waterproof and durable. If preferred, apply the following mixture: Four ounces of pulverized resin, one of powdered sugar of lead, and one quart of linseed oil. Heat sufficiently dissolve the materials.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM. AN ASTONISHING CURE.

The following case gives another remarkable proof of the really wonder-working potency of Compound Oxygen. The patient herself could hardly have been more surprised than we were at the result which attended its use: for when we examined her case and unreservedly, clearly her condition would not believe that we could do anything for her, and frankly told her so:

"PHILADELPHIA, June 10th, 1882.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN. *Dear Sirs:*—In April, 1881, I consulted you in reference to your Treatment in *Inflammatory Rheumatism*. Eighteen years ago I discovered rheumatism in the ends of my fingers; from that it gradually spread all over my body, settling in my feet in 1870; and from that time to January, 1881, I grew worse and worse, suffering nearly all the time *intense shooting pains, prostrating me often for days*, when the trouble settled in my left arm.

"*My arm lost all vitality, becoming as cold as if encased in ice and hanging at my side a heavy weight. The muscles fell away to the bone*, and my shoulder wasted until it became necessary to pad my dresses to wear them. In addition to this trouble my stomach was in a terrible condition, having refused all kinds of food for months, and I was starving on a low diet under the advice of one of Philadelphia's first physicians. After a careful examination of my case, your Dr. Starkey said to me, '*I don't think I can do anything for you*.' I had heard and read of the Oxygen so long that I was anxious to try it if only to get a little relief; so on April 8, 1881, I began the Office Treatment, coming every day for a while and then three times a week. *The first night after inhaling the Compound Oxygen, I had the first night's rest in months.* This greatly relieved and encouraged me. After using the Treatment a month I noticed a slightly changed feeling in my arm, *but could not move any part of it.* During the second month I could notice a decided improvement in my stomach, *and a little motion of the fingers.* I then had the misfortune to fall down a flight of stairs, which threw me away back and injured my arm seriously. I resumed the Treatment as soon as I was able to come to the office, and by August, notwithsanding the fall, I found, by the use of the other arm, *I could move the lame one about an inch from the body* and could raise the shoulder slightly. In November I could lift my arm a little and the spots were not so painful. All this time my stomach was improving and my lung trouble less troublesome. By Christmas I could eat almost everything placed before me; I had little or no nausea, and seldom vomited. *My arm began to fill out* and the rheumatism, instead of being a permanent pain, was now scattering and only visited me occasionally and I realized that I was much less a barometer. *I felt like a new being. In February, 1882, I was using my arm at light work and was able to comb my hair, a thing I had not done in a long time, could button my dresses to the top and found it easy to take out the padding.* In April, one year from the time I began, my lungs had improved wonderfully, my stomach was well, and *my rheumatism back into my fingers, where it started in 1864, eighteen years ago!*

MRS. MARGARETTA E. BAIR,
1848 *Filbert street, Philadelphia.*"

"P. S.—August 1st, 1882. Since the foregoing was written, the last vestages of rheumatism which remained in my fingers have departed.

M. E. B."

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen*," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases will be *sent free*. Address

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,
1109 and 1111 Girard street, Phila.

News of the Week

Prohibition.

ATLANTA, Aug. 7.—A measure which has attracted the most popular attention in Georgia the last three years has been the question of Temperance. Advocates of prohibition do not commit the mistakes of other States by asking State legislation, but each community asked the plausible privilege of excluding liquor from their neighborhood. So steadily and quietly was this campaign carried on that before the liquor dealers awoke to the reality of the situation over 40 Counties out of the 138 in the State were as strictly prohibition as the State of Maine. Many of these Counties were in moonshine districts, and it is charged by Federal officers that the adoption of prohibition laws was only a cover to plead good conduct when citizens were arrested for illicit distilling. Whether the charge is true or false the temperance forces had made such a lodgement that they grew bold, and have since added 12 Counties to the list.

The laws under which these different Counties acted were various, and the demand came up for a uniform measure under which any County could act which chose to do so. Early in the present session Mr. Humber introduced in the House a general local option bill, which for the past week has been the subject for excited debate. It was vigorously attacked by members from Cities, who declared it was a State prohibition bill under the disguise of local option.

Yesterday a vote was taken. It requires 88 votes to pass a bill, and though it was clear that the friends of the bill were in the majority, it was thought that they would not pull up to the constitutional majority. All over the hall anxious counts were kept on both sides. When the last man was called there were 85 votes for the bill and 48 against it. The bill was three votes short of a constitutional majority. Presently Mr. Ford rose and changed his vote from no to yes; then Mr. Dupree voted yes. This brought the bill to 87, only one more vote needed. The Clerk at the desk was running his pencil down down the list, rapidly counting the votes, and was about to hand the result to the Speaker.

It was already known over the floor and in the galleries that the bill was one vote short. The suspense was marked on the faces of the enthusiastic advocates of the measures. They looked all over the floor for another recruit, and searched the corridors in vain for some absentee whose vote would carry them through. It seemed that the bill was lost, when an incident occurred to rescue it from failure. During the call Mr. Julian, of Forsythe, announced that he was paired with Mr. Griffin, of Banks, but that he would vote for the bill if Mr. Griffin were present. When the suspense was at its most anxious moment and there was an almost despairing search for the one vote needed Mr. Julian rose and said he desired his vote recorded.

Mr. Gray, of Richmond, was on his feet in a moment, and asked if the member who had announced that he was paired could vote. The Speaker said it was purely a question for the gentleman; that the House could not interfere. Mr. Johnson, of Baldwin, in an animated manner, said: "Mr. Speaker, it is true that the rules of this House do not prohibit a record of the vote under such circumstances, but it seems to me that in such a case there is a moral obligation which I could not disregard."

There was a pause for a moment and then the Speaker declared the final vote—yeas, 88; nays, 49. Though the rule strictly forbidding applause had just been read there was a burst of enthusiasm on the floor and in the galleries. The ladies of the Christian Temperance Union were out in force and had been anxiously watching the fate of the bill for which they had brought up a petition of 60,000 names. When it was declared that the bill had passed several of them shook hands with each other and several of them waved their handkerchiefs to their friends on the floor of the House.

The Speaker rapped to order and the Clerk called up the State road lease matter. There was considerable talk as to the vote of Mr. Julian.

The passage of the bill, which is certain in the Senate, means that Georgia will be a Prohibition State within 12 months, except in the five Counties holding Atlanta, Savannah, Macon, Columbus and Augusta.

Death of Isaac Knapp, the Fremont Murderer.

FREMONT, Aug. 9.—The murderer, Isaac Knapp, whose pardon from the Ohio Penitentiary raised such indignation a few months ago, has just died at Bristol, Ind., where he had removed with his mother this Spring. About six years ago Knapp murdered his brother Walter in the second degree, and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. Last Fall he commenced eating soap for the purpose of imposing upon the authorities, to the end that he might be pardoned. His death-like appearance had its effect, and, after the penitentiary and consulting physicians had pronounced his case hopeless, John Foster pardoned him. He was afterwards arrested and taken to Columbus, where, upon the case coming before the Supreme Court, a decision was rendered that the pardon was valid and could not be pronounced null and void because of the fraud. It would seem, from the fact of Knapp's death being from consumption, that the *necessary to take out the padding.* In April, one year from the time I began, my lungs had improved wonderfully, my stomach was well, and *my rheumatism back into my fingers, where it started in* 1864, *eighteen years ago!*

Terrible Suffering of Jewish Refugees.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 7.—Thirty-seven families of Russian Jews live at Estelville, N. J. They are very poor, and some of them live by begging. On last Friday night the cabin occupied by the wife and two children of Ivan Mlotowski was burned. The settlement was aroused by the shrieks of the woman and her children. Her six year-old boy was burned to death, and the mother and eight-year-old daughter were terribly injured. In the morning the sufferers were placed by their friends in a wagon and driven some miles to a depot, the intention being to take them to Philadelphia for medical treatment. The little girl died, and the mother lay for seven hours on a bench, and was then removed to a neighboring house. She may possibly recover. Her husband had gone away to look for work, and is not yet aware of the accident.

Aged 110 Years.

SCRANTON, Pa., Aug. 10.—Mrs. Mary Lynch died in this City yesterday in her 110th year, and was probably the oldest person in the United States of whose age there was accurate date. She was born in Sussex County, N. J., in March, 1774. Her father, Jacob Bunsick, served in the Revolution, and her husband, James Lynch, was a soldier in the War of 1812. She was the mother of eight children, four of whom are living, the youngest being 75 years of age. She retained her mental faculties in a remarkable degree, and used no glasses, and refused the use of a cane when walking. Her health has always been good, and three days before her death she refused to eat, and lay down and calmly passed to rest.

Mr Oliver Myers, of Ironton, O., says: "Samaritan Nervine cured me of general debility."

A Dayton Merchant Absconds.

DAYTON, O., Aug. 10.—William Walker, a prominent clothing merchant and real estate speculator here, absconded to-day, leaving notes to the amount of $40,000 behind him unpaid. An investigation on the part of the holders of the paper revealed the fact that much of it is forged. Lew Neff holds $2,000, a farmer named Grimes $3,000, James B. Young $7,000, and the City National and Dayton National Banks each over $20,000. There were various other notes in circulation, which will largely increase the total. How much of it is forged in not known, but the attorney for the banks say many of the notes are spurious. It is also charged that he raised considerable money on property not belonging to him. Where he went or when he left is not known.

Bids for the Building of Liberty's Pedestal.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—The Bartholdi Statue Executive Committee met at 171 Broadway yesterday afternoon to open 12 bids for the construction of the statue. The work will require about 13,000 cubic yards of concrete. The highest bid was $12 a yard, and the lowest $4.80 a yard. It was impossible to ascertain which was the most acceptable bid, for each made its own conditions. The proposals were referred to Gen. Charles P. Stone, Chief Engineer of the Committee, and D. H. King, jr., the architect of the pedestal. They will report to a special sub-committee on Friday of this week, and the sub-Committee will make a recommendation to the full Committee.

Death of a Lady Philanthropist.

LITTLE ROCK, Aug. 8.—The reported suicide of Mrs. G. W. Woodland, of Omega, La., is confirmed by later intelligence received to-day. Laudanum was the means adopted to end life, but no motive is given. Mrs. Woodland was a noted woman, having gained wide and enviable fame by her devotion to the sick at Vicksburg, Miss., and at various points in Louisiana during the yellow fever scourge of 1878. She saved scores of lives by her zeal, being unwearied in her attentions to the victims of the plague.

No scrofulous infection can resist the purifying power of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

James McDermott as a Spy.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—The arrest of James McDermott, a well known local politician of Brooklyn, at Liverpool, on the "City of Montreal," creates much interest here among the Irish. A rumor was current in Brooklyn to-day that the Fenian Brotherhood is acquainted with all the details of McDermott's dealings with the English Government, and has in its possession proof of the receipt by him of £10,000 for information leading to the conviction of Irish conspirators. McDermott was last seen in Brooklyn on the evening of July 25, in McGrearty's liquor shop, No. 196 Montague street. "He came into my place the evening after the examination of Gaynor, who shot at him," said Mr. McGrearty to a reporter to-day. "He was quite nervous about the whole affair, and the accusations made against him. A friend who was with him openly accused him of being a spy, and said he could produce proofs of McDermott's guilt. McDermott grew very much excited, but denied the charges, asking 10 days to prove that they were false."

"Was he threatened by the person who spoke with him?"

"No, there were no threats made, but his friend said he washed his hands of all acquaintance with him thereafter. After he had gone out McDermott said to me: 'I feel like doing something desperate, now that my best friends are going back on me in that way.' His valise was in my store, and he took it and went away. That was the last I saw of him."

"Had you seen anything else in his behavior to cause you to believe the charges made against him?"

"Nothing particular. I have known him about two years, and he was in the habit of making himself at home here. He was always talkative and loud in his expressions about dynamite, and wanted to blow up Parliament and the Queen. I thought him very wordy. A short time before he went to England the first time he said, one evening, that he had seen an advertisement in the Herald to the effect that his mother was living in Dublin and was in trouble, and as he was the oldest son he would have to go over there to see about some papers. I said I should think the papers might be sent over here, but he replied that he would have to go, and we gave him a little supper before he sailed. When he returned he said the matter had all been arranged, but he talked very little about it."

The reporter asked Mr. Quincy in regard to the Gaynor trial. He thought it strange, and thought McDermett was afraid to push for another recruit, and searched the corridors in vain for some absentee whose vote would carry them through. It seemed that the bill was lost, when an incident occurred to rescue it from failure. During the call Mr. Julian, of Forsythe, announced that he was paired with Mr. Griffin, of Banks, but that he would vote for the bill if Mr. Griffin were present. When the suspense was at its most anxious moment and there was an almost despairing search for the one vote needed Mr. Julian rose and said he desired his vote recorded.

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Pension Frauds Unearthed.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7.—Commissioner of Pensons Dudley is at present prosecuting three cases of violation of the pension laws, two of which involve the defrauding of pensioners by persons who assisted them in securing their pensions. One of these cases came to light to-day by the arrest of Alpha B. Beall, an employe in the Government printing office, who is charged with defrauding Mrs. Christine Breamer, a pensioner, of $758 of pension claim of $1,458, paid her in August, 1880. Beal and Mrs. Breamer lived in adjoining houses in this City, and Beall, learning that Mrs. Breamer had had a son killed in the Federal service during the war, induced her to apply for a pension. The facts with regard to the person's death having been proved Mrs. Breamer was allowed a pension of $8 per month with arrers from 1865, making the sum $1,458. Just before the claim was allowed Beall offered to secure a pension for her if she would give him half. This she agreed to do, and after the claim was granted Beall went with her to the bank and drew the entire sum, giving her $700 and keeping the remainder. It was only recently that the matter was brought to the notice of the Commissioner, who had it investigated. Beall was arrested to-day and placed under bonds of $1,500 for his appearance before United States Commissioner Bundy. Other cases are those of C. A. Johnson, St. Mary County, Md., who was paid $800 by Mrs. Rachael Taylor for presenting her pension claim, and of Abraham Miller, of Connellsville, Pa., who personated another Abraham Miller, of the same place, and obtained his pension money, $950.

The Confederate Reunion—No Use for Butter.

GALVESTON, Aug. 7.—The News' McKinney special says: The managers of the Confederate reunion were in despair this morning at the heavy rain, which continued two and a half hours and covered the grounds with the stickiest of mud, rendering locomotion nearly impossible. After the weather cleared, however, and the exercises commenced there were fully 40,000 present, 15,000 of whom were served by the organization with dinner on the grounds. The speakers were Gen. Cabell, ex-Gov. Throckmorton, Gov. Ireland, Gen. M. Lewis, ex-Gov. Hubbard, Col. Bower, and Congressman Wilborn. The tenor of Ireland's speech, which was a fair sample of most of the others, was that the Confederates had no excuse to make for the part taken in the last contest. We are to forget the political strife which led to the war, but must teach our children the deeds of those who wore the blue and gray. We are all Americans, and ever ready to battle with the country's assaults from whatever quarter. Gen Lewis said he was glad Butler had not been invited. Butler was no Democrat. The name of Jefferson Davis was the grandest in American history. The speaker would never make peace with Butler. He might be an unreconstructed rebel, but if called to defend the National honor or rights, he would respond.

Tarred and Feathered for "Blabbing."

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 9.—Bird Island, a small Village in Renville County, this State, is agitated over a scandal of peculiar features. Mrs. Englestrom, wife of John Englestrom, a cripple, left her husband and went to live with a man named Stokes. One of the children being sick, Englestrom went to his father-in-law's and asked his wife to come home and care for the child. Stokes and Cornish, Mrs. Englestram's father, ejected Englestrom from the place, nearly tearing all the clothes off him in the melee. Hearing this, the citizens of Bird Island decided to give Stokes and Cornish a coat of tar and feathers. The ex-citizens, no two of which were alike; some were ornamented with beads, feathers, and every part of Indian ornaments. The dance afforded much entertainment for the party.

CAMP ROLLINS, Wyo., Aug. 10.—After the Indian dance yesterday, at our camp near Fort Washakie, Capt. Hayes, commanding the troops of Co. G, 5th cavalry, gave the President an exhibition drill, the commands being given by trumpets. The drill included the ordinary maneuvers by troops, the formation of skirmishing lines, both on horseback and on foot, and ended with a charge.

Just after this about 250 mounted Indians, Shoshones and Arapahoes, gave a sham battle, an exhibition of maneuvers executed by them in actual warfare. Their horsemanship was surprising, nearly every one riding bareback.

Sen. Vest, member of the Senate Committee, had an interview with Washakie, of the Shoshones, and Black Coal, of the Arapahoes, about 5 o'clock, there being present a large body of Indians from both tribes. The Senator's inquiries were directed principally as to whether the Indians would accept tenure in severalty, instead of in common, as now held by them. The Senator urged them to take their lands, 160 acres to the heads of families, and 80 acres to unmarried Indians. They have 2,800,000 acres in this reservation and about 1,900 Indians, both tribes included, and under the tenure in severalty $2,500,000 interest upon sale of these lands sold to the Government. All the chiefs seemed against tenure in severalty. They were very anxious to have permission to trade with the post traders at the fort, which is the only other store in the reservation permitted, except the Indian trading stores, saying they would like to receive $7 for a buffalo robe at the agency store, whereas at the military store they were offered $10 for each one.

At 7 o'clock sharp this morning, the President and party broke camp and started on horseback with an escort and pack mules following, crossing Little Mud River near Fort Washakie and halting eight miles out for five minutes rest, then passing over a rough unbroken country, with no water for a distance of nine miles, stopping for a short time on top of a divide, giving us a fine view of Crow Heart Butte and Bull and Mud Rivers and Shoshone mountains. From this point we passed over a very rocky country, climbing and descending alternately high and steep hills until we reached this camp, which is situated on Bull lake and Bull River, distance from camp this morning 21 miles. The party is well and enjoyed the ride greatly. The President proves to be a good horseman and came into camp like an old campaigner.

Immediately after our arrival at this beautiful trout stream the President took his rod and soon killed the first trout, keeping up his reputation of being a fine fisherman. He enjoys camp life very much, and is up and out of his tent at 5 o'clock each morning—the first one—and with flannel shirt and large hat enjoys it with zest.

Sen. Rollins, having distinguished himself in horsemanship on the march of 21 miles, in compliment to him, Gen. Sheridan named our first camp "Rollins," which honor was thoroughly approved of by the whole party, who think the Surrogate, by the application of a broncho and steady riding, will make a capital cowboy.

The Blue and the Gray.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Aug. 8.—A reunion of the survivors of the battle of Wilson's Creek, at which Gen. Nathaniel Lyon was killed, commenced to day. Several thousand were present, including veterans of both the Union and Confederate Armies, from Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa, Kansas, Texas and Louisiana. All are having a splendid time, and a most cordial feeling prevails. To-morrow will be the chief day. The exercises will include an address of welcome

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

DETROIT, Aug. 8.—At Grand Rapids a conductor on the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad having received a visit by burglars at his house on Monday night they was prepared for a second visit and awaited them in the kitchen. His wife, awakened by a noise on the street, arose and passed through the room. The husband, mistaking her for a burglar, fired, the ball taking effect in her forehead, coming out near the right ear. She is alive, but unconscious, with slight hopes only of her recovery.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., Aug. 8.—At Jamestown, just as a train on the B. & S. W. Railroad and one on the N. Y., P. & O. were approaching the station from different directions, the passengers were horrified when they saw a fine-looking white-haired man step from one track to the other and meet instant death. The dead man proved to be Rev. Henry Benson, well known in this part of the country. He was a man of strong ability, but somewhat eccentric. He had lectured here, and was a father-in-law of B. E. Bishop, the well-known journalist.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 8.—At Rockville, Ind., to-day, Joseph T. Stout was hung for the murder of Taylor Dunbar in November last. He exhibited the utmost firmness and composure to the last, and did not seem to understand the enormity of the deed. The story of the crime is, that Stout accompanied Dunbar in the latter's buckster wagon on a regular trip from Darlington, Ind., on the 8th of last November, Stout carrying a gun to do some hunting. He left the wagon and struck a bee-line for the woods. After he had gone a few miles Dunbar followed the road some distance and then went across in the direction of Stout's. Dunbar did not return and was found later with his skull crushed and several bullet holes in his body. Stout confessed that he took Dunbar's life for what money he had. Last night Stout rested well and arose with a pulse and temperature about normal. He was accompanied by his attorneys. He made his final statement before the drop fell. The fall broke his neck and death ensued immediately.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 8.—Mrs. Martha Garrison is lying at the point of death from a pistol ball fired by herself. Her husband had (as he supposed) removed the cartridges from the pistol and laid it on the bureau. The wife, picking it up, undertook to show how she would shoot herself if she were to commit suicide, placed the pistol to her head and pulled the trigger. It seems one ball had been left in the pistol, and this entered her head about two inches above the ear. The couple had been married less than a month.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 7.—Samuel McCaulley a hermit, shot and killed his father in the presence of his mother and sister and two brothers. The crime occurred near Salina Station, on the West Pennsylvania Railroad, 20 miles from this City. The son was formerly a school teacher. He had amassed considerable money, but was always looked upon as a crank. He had asked to live at home repeatedly, and each time his father had driven him from the door. The scene was repeated to-day, when the fellow murdered his father. He fled to the mountains, but the Sheriff with a posse is in pursuit, and he can hardly escape.

NEWCOMERSTOWN, O., Aug. 9.—This morning the west-bound freight train on the P., C. & St. L. Railroad, due here at 6:24, ran over Mr. A. J. Miller, of this place, just west of town, and instantly killed him. Miller had gone down the track to look at the bridge he had in the river, and while walking down the track in front of the express train it had to stop and put him off. He got on again, however, and was knocked off and pitched down a high bank by a freight train closely following. Mr. Miller has been sickly for some time, and his mind has been affected and he was hard of hearing. Some think he committed suicide.

HALLSVILLE, O., Aug. 9.—At about 5:30 o'clock last evening, just outside the town limits and at a large curve, Basile Davis, an old colored man of about 92 years, was struck by the east-bound express and almost instantly killed. He was sitting on the track resting, and when the train whistled he arose and would have been entirely out of danger had he not been so near the track while he forgot to remove from the track. His home is in Hanoverton, about 10 miles from here, and he will be taken here for interment to-day.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 13.—Last night a probable murder and suicide occurred at Roelks' saloon, on Cherokee street, during a game of cards, in which Frank Wahl, proprietor of a notion store, and August Dunker, played. Dunker, who was playfully accused of rubbing out a penny marked, withdrew from the game and left the place, threatening violence. No attention was paid to him, and a few minutes later he returned, invited Wahl to the sidewalk, and shot him in the abdomen, inflicting a probably fatal wound. He fired two other shots without damage, and then, seeing what he had done, ran to the back yard of his home and discharged the load in his head into his own brain. Both men will probably die.

FLORENCE, Arizona, Aug. 12.—Wells Fargo's express was robbed between Riverside and Plunger of $3,200. The express agent, John Collins, was killed and one passenger injured. Both stage horses were killed.

EAST SAGINAW, Aug. 11.—About noon today a horse driven by Albert Loranger, in Saginaw City, ran away and finally brought up in an alley between the railroad track and Wright's lumber piles, overturning the vehicle and throwing out the occupants. Mrs. David Legery struck some timbers with such force as to fracture her skull. She survived only a few minutes. The deceased was 30 years old and leaves a family of six children.

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 11.—At Marsh Hope, Kent County, last night, two dogs fought savagely in the sick room of a woman named Merrick. The animals rolled under the bed and continued to fight. The invalid shrieked with nervous frigat and fell over dead.

BILLOS, Montana, Aug. 12.—A man named Lewis was discovered Wednesday near town while ordeavoring to secrete the remains of a young woman. It was found upon examination that the whole top of her head had been blown off by a gun shot. Lewis was arrested and charged with murder. He claims the woman was traveling with him, and killed by the accidental discharge of a gun; that he feared arrest if the facts were made public, and endeavored to conceal the matter.

MINOR MENTION.

Thomas Williams was fatally and Hugh Edwards seriously burned by the explosion of fire damp at Shenandoah, Pa.

Michael O'Keefe shot himself through the head and died in the cemetery of the Holy Cross, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the grave of his mother.

J. F. Pearson, living a few miles east of Jackson, Miss., was found dead, having been shot through the head by an unknown assassin.

Stephen F. Tainter, a coal dealer of Milwaukee, committed suicide. He hired a boat, rowed out a short distance and jumped into the lake.

William Shepherd, returning home with a little sum in his wages, was shot dead by two negros, near Danville, Va. The murderers were arrested.

Reuben Robinson, a wealthy citizen, four miles from Sturges, Mich., was killed Tuesday while unloading logs. A log rolled over his head, crushing it. Age, 40.

In Paris, Tex., Wednesday night, a man named Hill quarreled with the proprietor of Jones' restaurant about a bill and tried to draw a pistol but was instantly killed by Jones.

Philander Walcatt was killed by a vicious bull at Greene, O. While crossing a lot the bull attacked him, horribly mangling him. When discovered he was dead.

Near Kokomo, Ind., at the farm of L. N. Carey, his boy, four years old, set fire to hay in the barn. The barn was consumed and a girl two years old burned to death.

At Pittsburg, a rack supporting 500 tons of steel gave way, crushing Charles Oshman and killing him instantly and so injuring Robert Sternity that he will probably die.

Mr. J. Ross, editor of the Boston Advertiser and one of Rufus Hatch's Yellowstone Park excursionists, was seriously injured at Scranton, Pa., while attempting to board a morning train.

A small tin box containing explosives was thrown into Vernesinky Prospect, St. Petersburg, on Tuesday, by parties who were in a carriage. An explosion immediately followed, but no person was injured.

In Hamburg, Penn., Oscar Miller, aged 18, promenading with Kate Stambach, aged 16, proposed marriage. She refused and he immediately fired a seven barreled revolver into his own head, mouth and chest. He may recover.

Wiley Randolph, of Flint, private of the Flint Blues, now at the State encampment of militia near Brighton, Mich., was found on the railroad track with Brighton, cut in two by the cars, and his body horribly mangled.

A man named Patrick Malone was arrested at Birmingham on a charge of theft. On being searched at the station-house documents were found in his possession relating to Fenian organizations throughout the kingdom.

Edward Cotter and a companion, while drunk, tried to break into the house of Mrs. Stover, a respectable lady at Lapeer, Mich., at midnight. After warning them off, the old lady shot Cotter, who was fatally wounded.

During the prevalence of a severe wind storm an elegant barn belonging to Mr. John H. Shankoland, a prominent farmer near Summerfield, O., was blown down and completely demolished, and 20 sheep which were in it were killed.

At Chattanooga, James Cheek, keeper of a shooting gallery, was instantly killed by Policeman James Bailey. Cheek attacked the officer while the latter was trying to prevent two men from fighting, and inflicted serious wounds before he was shot.

A laborer named Nicholas Leonard was buried beneath a dozen tons of earth, consequent upon a landslide at the Sixth street sewer, in Erie, Pa. When Gog got it was found his was horribly mangled; his jaw was knocked off and his breast crushed in.

At Huntsville, Ala., Friday, Blair Banister, aged 14, son of an Episcopal minister of that place, shot and instantly killed James Mathews, aged nine years, son of City Clerk E. R. Matthews. The boys were playing with an old musket, thought to be unloaded.

James D. Lyon, a former partner of Joseph Bork, ex-City Treasurer, of Buffalo, and now serving a term in the State prison for embezzlement of the City's funds, was sentenced to four years as accessory. Pending appeal, stay of sentence was granted. The prisoner gave bail in the sum of $10,000.

In the trial of Canon Bernard, charged with abstracting papers and securities representing several millions of francs from the Episcopal palace of the diocese Tournay, counsel for the defendant declared that his client had a document from the Pope which empowered him to take such measures as he deemed best to conceal the treasure.

Anton Seeman, a farm laborer, while on a drunken spree, entered the little town of Provisant, Mo., and with a drawn knife virtually took possession of the place. Coming to the store of Henry Herbest he attacked the latter with the knife, whereupon Herbest drew a revolver, fired three shots and Seeman fell dead. Herbest was arrested.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat's Brookham special says the body of John Freeman was found murdered near Union Church, Jefferson County. Dan Sullivan and his son, farmers, are on trial for the murder. Freeman was engaged to marry Sullivan's daughter. She is doing all she can to convict her father and brother. Lynching is threatened.

J. Ryan, night operator at South Bellingham, Mass., was attacked by a party of masked men and beaten insensible. In response to a telegram an engine with men went to his assistance, but none of the assailants were identified. Ryan was tied and laid across the track by the assaulting party. The City Mills depot was broken into soon after and a few tickets stolen.

A Joliet special says: George Kellogg, a convict in the State penitentiary from Logan County, at work at a wire-drawing machine, committed suicide by throwing a coil of wire around his neck and suffering himself to be drawn against the machine and the wire imbedded into his neck. Just before he committed the deed he went to the boss and said: "I am the man who committed the double murder at Atlanta, Ill.

Near Lincoln, Neb., three boys, Robert and William Miller and Ernest Smith, aged about 14, were struck by lightning Saturday afternoon and instantly killed. They were fishing in Salt Creek, and took refuge under a tree during a storm. The tree was shattered by a bolt and the boys killed instantly. A fourth boy was within a few yards of the tree, to which he was hastening when the bolt struck. He was unhurt, but was horribly mangled; his jaw was knocked off and his breast crushed in.

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Conflagrations.

BOSTON, Aug. 11.—The Town of Vineyard Haven is in flames. The prospects are that the entire settlement will be burned. The fire broke out at 9 o'clock. It originated in the harness manufactory of R. W. Crocker, and owing to a brisk northeast gale, quickly swept through the Village to the westward. There being no fire apparatus in the town, assistance was summoned from Cottage City by telephone.

ATLANTA, Aug. 12.—The Kimball House was discovered to be on fire this morning at 5 o'clock. The flames getting beyond control, Mr. Scoville, proprietor, ordered the guests to be awakened. Guards went through the hallways breaking open doors where necessary to secure the safety of the guests. The fire having originated in the rear of the house, favorable to escape. Within 20 minutes the house was emptied, and within an hour the structure was burned to the ground.

The hotel was built by H. I. Kimball and owned by Robert Toombs, John Rice, Joseph P. Thompson and others. It cost $600,000. The furniture cost $125,000. Insurance only $80,000. The Gate City National Bank, Hardwick & Bro. tobacconists, John B. Daniels, drugs, and others are among the heavy losers. Total loss, $1,000,000; insurance not over $200,000. The fire is claimed by Mr. Culberson, agent of the Company, to be incendiary. In the vaults of the Gate City Bank was half a million of dollars, the security of which is yet a matter of doubt.

ATLANTA, Aug. 13.—Loss by the Kimball House fire, $600,000 on building and $125,000 on furniture. On the whole amount there were only $80,000 insurance. One reason why the owners carried so little insurance was because of the high rate charged. The Kimball House was considered the worst risk in the City; a rate of 2½ per cent. was charged, while on ordinary central property only 1 per cent. was charged.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 13.—The Hotel Devon, on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, about eight miles from this City, burned to the ground this morning. No lives lost.

LESSER BLAZES.

At Tombstone, Ariz., fire destroyed the People's Ice Works. Loss, $32,000.

At Medford, Ont., the Methodist Church, Noble's and Gibson's hotels and nine stores were burned. Loss, $80,000.

The large tannery of P. & P. Costello, at Camden, N. J., was destroyed by fire late Saturday night, together with a large amount of stock. Loss estimated at $100,000.

A dispatch from Carlyle, Ills., says the livery stable of U. Hubert burned Sunday morning, and that Pat Clancy, a drunken Irishman, who was in the habit of sleeping in the stable, perished in the flames.

At Sunderland, England, the Star Music Hall took fire while a performance was in progress, and was entirely destroyed. The audience of 1,300 people made their exit without a panic in four minutes' time.

Financial Crash.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—George William Ballau & Co. have just announced their suspension in the Stock Exchange. The firm states the suspension will be only temporary.

LONDON, Aug. 14.—There was almost a panic at the Stock Exchange here this morning in American railway securities, which are greatly depressed and are difficult to sell. American Government bonds are not affected by the unfavorable feeling in railway securities. Mexican railway stocks strong.

WALL STREET—1 P. M.—One of the sensations of the day was the failure of George William Ballau & Co., of this City and Boston. The failure is understood to have been caused by the inability of customers to make good their margins, and to the fact that the firm has had considerable money tied up in the Cincinnati, Toledo & St. Louis Narrow-Gage Road, which recently went into a receiver's hands. About 10,000 shares of various stocks are closed out under the rule for their account, including Oregon Transcontinental, New York Central, Denver & Rio Grande, Missouri Pacific, Lake Shore, Central, Wabash preferred and Lake Shore.

The rally in the market before 12 o'clock was on reports that leading operators had purchased large blocks of stock at private sale.

Maryland Politics.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—Though the campaign has not fairly opened in Maryland, and but few of the local conventions have been held, there is already much dissatisfaction among the Democrats of the State. The victory of Sen. Gorman's faction in Anne Arundel County has resulted in an open rupture among the Bourbon forces, and the followers of the defeated candidate have declared that they will not vote for the successful nominee, and an Independent ticket will be run. The same feeling of dissatisfaction appears in other sections, and, while the conventions have not been held, the fear of Sen. Gorman's followers, who appear to be on top, and the "still hunt" tactics, which have so far proved successful, cause the opposing factions to take it for granted that defeat is on their side, and that they must prepare for the inevitable. The Republicans are more hopeful than they have been for years, and with careful management victory is reasonably sure to perch upon their banners next November.

A Baltimore Sensation.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 13.—The Grand Jury presented all the members of the late Commission of the Fire Department for malfeasance in office. The Board consisted of Mayor White, ex-officio President, and six Commissioners. Bail was fixed at $3,000 in each case. The presentments caused great excitement and astonishment about the City Hall and Court House. The late Board was superseded recently by the appointment of a Fire Marshal, and the presentments grew out of charges made by the present Fire Marshal against several members of the Board, charging them with furnishing various supplies to the department and charging more than market rates therefor, in violation of the City ordinance.

The Telegraphers.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—Campbell continued his testimony before the Senate Committee as follows:

On the 16th of July demands were presented the Western Union, American Rapid, Baltimore & Ohio, and Commercial. The only answer yet received is from the American Rapid Company, which has partially acceded to the demands of the Brotherhood. The answer of the Western Union Company to the appeal of the operators was that it was not known whether the committee had authority to speak for employes of the company. Campbell said 90 per cent. of the employes were members of the Brotherhood. Operators had frequently presented grievances to local managers for increase of wages, but these had been disregarded. It was generally believed the Western Union Company had a well-estabished system of black-listing men who made applications for increase of wages, and took the first opportunity to discharge them upon some pretext or another. Favoritism was shown by all local managers, and skill was at a discount. A system of intimidation was practiced by officials of the company. Since 1870 several movements had been started to organize the operators, but all failed on account of this system of intimidation.

John McClellan, an officer of the Brotherhood, and an operator of 14 years, said the direct cause of the strike was the insult offered by the Western Union Company to the committee of the Brotherhood in refusing to recognize or treat with them; until then it had not been expected that a strike would occur, but it was thought the company would be willing to listen to the demands of the men and come to some adjustment. The grievances were real ones and if there had been a spirit of concession manifested by the company the operators would have met them in this spirit. It was shown that Gen. Eckert and other officers of the company had known of the plans of the Brotherhood before the strike began. The company knew that grievances existed, and that the demands were to be presented, and had been preparing to resist those demands ever since March last. If the present strike was a failure it would only strengthen the existing organization, instead of breaking its power.

When asked whether he could suggest any method by which a more equitable division could be made of the products of labor and capital between employes and employer, McClellan said this would be impossible. The inquiry will be continued to-morrow.

Night manager Sink, of the Western Union, says 12 men returned to work today. The wires, he said, have all been repaired and everything is in good working order.

JERSEY CITY, Aug. 13.—More wires were cut in this City this morning. The Central Railroad Station at Rosette was visited and 37 wires cut. The cutters evidently boarded a milk tram and rode to Jersey avenue, this City, where 32 wires were cut. They then crossed the Jersey avenue bridge over the canal and cut several wires. These were fire alarm telegraph, and the consequence was when the line was cut alarm bells sounded. A gang of linemen was sent over from New York and they crossed the Central Railroad ferry. On this side they found waiting for a boat to cross to New York, one of the striking linemen. He is suspected as one of the cutters.

Thomas Burns and Thorne Williams, striking linemen, have been arrested on the charge of cutting the wires of the Telephone Company. Circumstances point to Williams as being engaged in cutting wires.

CHICAGO, Aug. 13.—Supt. Clowry, of the Western Union, has been advised that two strikers have retured to work at Cleveland and one at Detroit. The striking operators here were paraded to-day, and claim there has been no further defections from their ranks in this City.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 8.—Five civil suits brought by Chauncey H. Fuller, General Agent in this City of the Chicago Merchants' Transportation Company against the Western Union Telegraph Company have been decided by Magistrate Gilpin in favor of the Company. The Magistrate held the act of the Assembly under which plaintiff proceeded did not apply to the case; that there was no contract, as Fuller, in failing to leave either his dispatches or money for their traasmission with the Company's employes, failed to comply with his part of the contract, and that therefore the law binding upon the Company in respect to the delivery of messages could not apply to the case. The Magistrate further held that the law was intended to avoid any possibility of discrimination on the part of the Company in favor of one sender over another, and that it was doubtful whether a general application of this restriction, which they put on sending dispatches, "subject to delay," violated the provisions of that law. Fuller's counsel gave notice that the case would be appealed.

A Bombshell.

AKRON, Aug. 13.—The Democrats of Summit County met in delegate Convention in the Court House, Saturday afternoon. Lewis C. Parker, President of the City Council, was nominated for Representative by acclamation.

James M. Poulson, esq., of Akron, who was for one term Prosecuting Attorney, tore the Convention all to pieces, and for a few moments there was great excitement, when he read the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, The charge has recently been made that Hon. George Hoadly made improper use of large sums of money for the purpose of securing his nomination for the office of Governor of Ohio, at the late Democratic State Convention; therefore

Resolved, That the Democracy of Summit County utterly repudiate and condemn the practice, whether carried on within or without the party, of paying money in large or small sums, either to secure nomination for office or to influence voters in their choice of public officers at the polls.

Resolved, That the corrupting of delegates to a convention of voters at an election is vastly more dangerous and threatening to the perpetuity of our Government, because more insidious, than open rebellion and civil war, and should be unsparingly denounced by all good citizens as among the highest crimes, and worthy only of the name of treason to our country.

Resolved, That it is due to the Democrats of Ohio, and to all other voters of the State whose suffrages he expects to receive at the coming election, that Hon. George Hoadly make known to them whether he paid or authorized to be paid any money to anybody, and, if any, how much and to whom, for the purpose of influencing the late Democratic State Convention, or any of its delegates, in choice of a candidate for Governor, to the end that the people may more correctly judge of the purity of his motives, and of the fitness for the great office to which he aspires.

Resolved, That the Democrats of Summit County, who have waited long and are waiting still, are entitled to demand, in common with the Democracy of the State, that the entirely new issue proposed by the present Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee be dropped in the name of the new Democracy after the meeting of the Committee at Toledo on July 9 last, be speedily proclaimed to the people of the State, in order that voters may know what questions concern the public welfare, and what questions they shall be permitted by the Committee to decide by their ballots.

At the conclusion of the reading of the resolution, a motion was made to lay it on the table.

Dr. A. B. Curtis, of Cuyahoga Falls, moved that the resolutions be placed along with other infamous Republican charges.

Delegates manifested their indorsement of Curtis' utterances by shouting, stamping feet and clapping of hands. Several delegates rose to points of order.

Poulson said he, too, could not pass him, and amid confusion a motion to lie on the table was carried.

The Convention then adjourned, strongly condemning Poulson's course.

High License in Iowa.

BURLINGTON, Aug 13.—Since the passage of the ordinance in this City fixing the saloon license at $400 and providing for the closing of saloons Sunday, there have been a number of complaints against saloonkeepers for violation of the latter clause of the ordinance, but in every instance were the parties acquitted on account of the lack of testimony showing the actual sale of beer or wine. Emboldened by the apparent impossibility to convict, they beacme more reckless, and when Andrew Heyer was arrested several weeks ago it was determined to tase his defense on the unconstitutionality of the ordinance and admitted selling of beer on Sunday. The case dragged along in the Police Court for several weeks, but was finally decided by Judge Browning, sustaining the validity of the ordinance, and imposing a fine of $25, the defendant to be committed until the fine is paid. It is probable the case will be appealed.

The New Postal Notes.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—The new postal notes, which are to be used after September 3, in the transmission of small sums of money through the United States mails, will be ready for shipment to all the Postoffices in the country on Wednesday. Every book contains 500 postal note forms, with the address of the Postoffice printed on each note. The pages of the books are perforated, so that when the notes are torn out stubs remain to show the amounts for which they were issued. A note can be filled out by a Postmaster for any amount not exceeding $5, at a cost to the sender of three cents for each note. The notes are made payable to "the bearer," and they can be used as fractional currency in any place to which they are sent.

TELEGRAPH AND MAIL.

Count de Chambord is worse again.

Marco A. Soto, President of Honduras, is in Washington.

The Creek Indian troubles have been satisfactorily settled.

There were 29 deaths in Havana during the week from yellow fever.

The Georgia Legislature has passed a general local option law for the State.

Joseph A. Dodge, General Manager of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, is dead.

New wheat is selling in Nebraska for 70 cents a bushel, and oats are selling in Iowa for 20 cents.

Alexander Morris, of Louisville, has been elected Eminent Grand Commander of the colored Knights Templar, Ohio jurisdiction.

The Vatican has sent instructions to Bishops in Spain to abstain from sharing in the present political agitation in that country.

Paddy Ryan, the pugilist, was held in bonds in Chicago on a charge of keeping a disorderly house and selling liquors to minors.

Peter Quickly, alias Peter James, a passenger by the "City of Montreal," was arrested at Liverpool charged with being a dynamiter.

A niece of Benedict Arnold has been discovered at Lockhaven, N. J. She has a romantic history, but is now in humble circumstances.

The revolt in the province of Badajos, Spain, has been suppressed, and the insurgents have been either captured or driven into Portugal.

A Madrid correspondent says the outbreaks in Spain are the result of a scheme which Ruiz Sorilla has been planning for the last six years.

Mayor John Treat, Democrat, was re-elected in Portsmouth, N. H., by 200 majority. The Republicans elect a majority of the Aldermen and Councilmen.

A mass meeting will be held in Cooper Institute on the 27th for the purpose of raising funds for the defense of O'Donnell, who killed the informer Carey.

Since March 1, to date, Chicago packers have slaughtered and salted 1,286,000 hogs, against 1,229,000 for the corresponding period in 1882, and 1,774,000 in 1881.

Kane County, Ill., marketed 816,837 pounds of butter and 676,000 pounds of cheese last year, besides 10,053,562 gallons of milk, and nearly a million gallons of cream.

Friday was the 50th anniversary of the incorporation of Chicago as a village. There was no public observance of the occasion. The incorporation as a City occurred four years later.

The Nile continues to rise. Great damage has already been done to crops in the vicinity of Assioul. The harvest will be destroyed unless measures are taken to prevent the approach of water.

Major Isaac Shelby has presented to the State of Kentucky a gold medal which was given by Congress to his father, Isaac Shelby, the first Governor of the State, for meritorious conduct in battle.

English doctors now in Alexandria who have had experience in India in cholera epidemics, report the disease now prevailing in Egypt is of a distinctly different character from the Asiatic cholera.

The Harper Bros., through their agent, H. W. Derby, have purchased the southeast corner of Elm and Fourth streets, Cincinnati. The price paid was $100,000, or $2,000 per front foot on Fourth street.

The harvest is nearly over in Kansas, and the yield is in excess of anything ever known before. The corn crop last year was 160,000,000 bushels, and it is estimated that this year's increase will be 25 per cent.

Hon. John W. Thomsson, Mayor of Davenport, Ia., is dead, aged 60 years. He served in both Houses of the Iowa General Assembly, and was a delegate to the Republican National Conventions of 1860 and 1880.

A correspondent of the Milwaukee Wisconsin says the father and mother of O'Donnell, who murdered Carey, the Irish informer, both died in insane asylums, and that insanity in the family is traceable still farther back.

Rufus Hatch, the New York capitalist, heading a party of 50 European gentlemen, left New York Friday for an excursion to the far Northwest, including the Yellowstone region. They will reach Chicago next Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Fanny Sprague, mother of the ex-Governor, has accepted the offer of the Union Company, which bought her homestead, to lease it to her during life at $1 per month. She accepts upon the advice of Gov. Butler, her counsel.

Mr. John Holland, who, it is claimed, celebrated his 102d birthday in June, has just made the journey from Bentonsport, Iowa, to Nashua, N. H., intending to spend the remaining years of his life in the latter place with a married daughter.

Nathaniel Smith Richardson, D.D., editor of the Church Guardian, New York, was found dead in bed of apoplexy. He was born in Middleburg in 1810, and was the author of several religious works, and at one time editor and proprietor of the American Quarterly and Church Review.

Oscar Wilde made his appearance in New York again on Saturdy. He comes to supervise the rehearsal of his new play, "Vera." His flowing locks have been shorn away, and his front hair cut square across in the most approved style of bang.

Persistent reports are current that Cetewayo is alive. A son of the late Bishop Colenso telegraphs from Moritzburg that Cetewayo demands an inquiry into his treatment by the Government. The British agent at Moritzburg discredits the reports.

At Rockford, Ill., there is quite a scare about the cholera. Will Kettewell, a wealthy stock dealer, died suddenly of a disease which his physicians pronounced in all respects similar to Asiatic cholera. A council of physicians was called to consider the case.

Mayor Vroom, of Trenton, N. J., has issued an order forbidding the Salvation Army to parade hereafter with any kind of music. So many complaints have been made against members of the Army by the citizens that the Mayor thought it necessary to take some action.

For many years the Governors of New York when at Saratoga have put up at the United States Hotel. Gov. Cleveland has broken this rule by going to the Grand Union, where John Kelly is. The political gossips say it is another indication that the Democratic party is to be harmonized.

Archbishop elect William Elder has issued an edict to the clergy of his diocese to meet at Cincinnati on the 21st day of August, to devise some means to pay, to some extent, the creditors of the late Archbishop Purcell as a matter of charity, but not as a discharge of legal obligations.

A man entered the Center Market in New York, walked up to a huckster's stand, and seizing a cleaver, placed his hand on the block and chopped off the little finger on his left hand. Before the astonished butcher could learn who he was or ask him the meaning of his action, he walked away and disappeared, leaving the finger behind him.

The Paris correspondent of the London Post understands the attention of the United States Minister has been called to the fact that America is furnishing China with arms and ammunition, which it is believed are destined for Tonquin. The correspondent adds the American legation refused to answer questions in regard to the subject.

Maj. Beebe, who committed suicide in Washington Monday night, held a commission in the army during the war and served with Gen. Hazen. He was mustered out at the close of the war and has since been attached to the office of the Chief Signal Officer as a private in the general service. He was a native of Ohio, about 41 years of age, and unmarried. He was a member of the first Greely relief party, and his health was impaired by the hardships to which he was exposed.

Gen. Robertson, father of Lieut. Robertson, of the First Cavalry, charged with duplicating his pay accounts, became satisfied through telegraphic reports from his son of the entire integrity of the latter, and accordingly made a written request to the War Department not to withdraw the charges already preferred. The father feels that owing to the publicity given the case the verdict of the Court Martial alone can render complete justice to his son.

At a meeting in favor of State aided emigration, held at the Tivoli House, London, the Earl of Shaftsbury presided, and a resolution was offered providing for sending 200,000 persons to Canada and other British Colonies, and for procuring them farms in their new homes, money for the purchase of land to be advanced by the State, which is to take mortgages on the farms as security for payment. A resolution, supported by the Archbishop of Canbury, was adopted, which proposed to send 10,000 families to Canada next spring.

Frank C. Bangs, the actor, has separated from his wife, Alice S. Bangs, whom he married on June 4, in Plymouth Church, and is living at the Sturtevant House, New York. Mrs. Bangs is living at 330 Bryvoort Place, Brooklyn. Proceedings to recover from Mr. Bangs $7,000 which Mrs. Bangs, or her mother, Mrs. Merritt, is said to have given him, and which it is alleged he spent in furnishing the house in Philadelphia of Mrs. Cassandra N. Johnston, his sister, are reported to have been begun in Philadelphia. Mrs. Bangs was one of the children of Isaac M. Singer, and is well-to-do.

The sum of $30,000 and 160 acres of land have been pledged by the people of Mitchell to establish the University of Dakota.

A fatal disease resembling cholera, is prevailing among the hogs near Reading, Pa. Some 50 have already died and 60 more are fatally sick.

A. McGinnis, an explorer, who has just returned from Iroaca Co., Mumn., reports that smallpox is making terrible work among the Indians living in that County.

The battle flag of the 34 Iowa Volunteers, which was captured before Atlanta by Gen. Pat Cleburne, has been sent by a Georgia lady to Adjt-Gen. Alexander at Des Moines.

Official returns from 69 out of 117 Counties in Kentucky show Knott's majority for Governor to be over 37,000. In the same Counties Blackburn's majority was but 35,000.

About 60 Winnebago and Omaha Indians are regularly employed as section hands on the Minneapolis & Omaha Railway. They seem to enjoy the work, and are faithful and energetic.

The death is announced of Mr. W. W. Crumpton, the wealthiest farmer in LaSalle County and the tallest man in the State of Illinois, being half an inch taller than the Hon. John Wentworth, of Chicago.

D. O. Mills has presented the State of California a magnificent piece of statuary, representing Columbus at the Court of Queen Isabella. It is nine feet high and cost $35,000. It will be placed in the rotunda of the Capital at Mills' expense.

Don Manuel de Meza, a Mexican resident of Washington, gives the details of an agreement by Maximilian to abdicate the throne and proclaim himself President of the Republic. Gen. Santa Anna was to have been placed in command of the army, but his friends broke up the plot.

At the election in Utah, last Monday, the first under the Edmunds law, the Mormons carried every County, the Gentiles electing a few Justices and Constables in mining camps. The Legislature will be composed wholly of young Mormons. The registration list at Salt Lake contained nearly 6,000 names, and but 2,700 votes were cast.

Ben Juslyn, an amateur balloonist, made a successful ascension from Ypsilanti, Mich. He was up an hour and a half, and descended between Saline and Ann Arbor. This was preparatory to a big ascension which he will make this Fall, probably at the State Fair, when he will drop in a parachute with which he has now experimenting.

Mr. Morgan, the United States Minister to Mexico, noticed that the Fourth of July last the usual courtesy of displaying the flag from the Legation flag-staff was omitted by the German Embassador at the Mexican Capital. In a sharp note he called attention to the matter, and the flag was promptly unfurled. In the note to the representative of the Fatherland, Mr. Morgan said he would consider it a personal insult if the customary courtesy were omitted. He received no reply to this note, but Independence Day was duly honored.

The statement of the affairs of S. C. and J. G. Phinney, boot and shoe manufacturers of Boston and Stoughton, has been prepared. The unsecured liabilities aggregate $732,885, of which $100,102 is contingent indebtedness in the shape of indorsements on discounted papers of direct liabilities; $408,522 is paper given F. Shaw & Bros. The assets consist of accounts and notes receivable, $54,661; stock about $15,000; cash, $4,297; mortgage notes, $1,250, and equity in real estate in Hull and Stoughton, with factories, machinery, horses, carriages, sleighs and harness, etc. All workmen have been paid in full.

Telephone Consolidation.

LOWELL, Aug. 10.—The Lowell Telephone Syndicate issues the following summaries of consolidation by the agreement recently agreed upon: American Bell Company to have $8,000,000 and 50 per cent of any increase that may be made hereafter, they to waive the dividends for one year, and for two years for a sum not exceeding $60,000 the first year, $120,000 the second, and $180,000 the third; providing that said sums are earned over six per cent dividends, which is to be paid in stock representing the property.

One million of the Bell stock will draw a regular dividend the fourth year, and $1,000,000 each succeeding year until all the stock of the combination is covered in 11 years. For this, the American Bell Company gave the new company perpetual license for all patents they hold or may hereafter acquire; also any of the Boston; also, waiving of claim to purchase of the Surburban company at cost at the expiration of its contract.

The earnings of the new consolidated company will exceed seven per cent. on the dividend drawing capital to day and a corresponding dividend will be paid, will be paid commencing October, 1883, for three months, dated from July.

The companies are the National Bell, of Maine, $135,000; Boston & Norteern, $1,050,000; Bay State, $200,000; Suburban, $490,000; Granite State, $182,500; Southern Massachusetts, $571,000; Providence, $800,000; Southern New England, Connecticut Inter-State, $1,479,150; American Bell Company, $8,030,000. The Treasury unissued stocks, $800,000; cash in treasury, $200,000; grand total, $16,030,000, with 23,150 subscribers.

A Nice Question to Decide.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 12.—The Orphans' Court concluded its hearing of the question of the administration on the Schmidt estate, valued at $30,000. The question to be decided was, which died first, Wilhelm Schmidt, the murderer and suicide, or his victim, Mrs. Mary Schmidt? If Schmidt survived, his estate would go to relatives in Germany.

The two brothers of Mrs. Schmidt, Messrs. Gross, were entitled to administer and to the property if the wife had survived her husband. Officer Schleight testified that when he entered the house he went up stairs and saw the man lying on the floor. He went down stairs and felt that Mrs. Schmidt had a pulse and was not dead.

Officer Murphy testified that as he went up stairs he felt Mrs. Schmidt's arm, and it was warm. He went up stairs and saw the man lying on his back, dead. The Court decided that it was of the opinion that the wife had survived her husband about 10 or 15 minutes; therefore the administration would be granted to her brothers, on Mrs. Schmidt's estate.

An Oklahoma Movement.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 10.—Rev. J. W. Dyson, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, who has been a missionary in the Indian Territory since 1880, and is here seeking aid for new churches there, says that J. Milton Tur